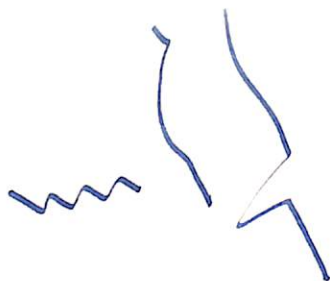


For
Hetta
Hubbard



how do I like this print.

Journal

Volume 12

November 1, 1955 - March 6, 1956

Barbara S. Hubbard

Lime Rock

Conn.

Tuesday, Nov. 1

* I wonder if I will ever get over
my excitement of putting down
the first word on the first
page of a new journal. All that
whiteness to be covered and no one,
including myself, ~~has any~~ ^{knows} ideas
of what the life will be which
is to trace itself on these blank
pages during the next 3 or 4 months.

The enigma of the future always
stares at me tantalizingly as I
open a fresh journal. With all the
weight of historical + ~~individual~~ ^{personal}
knowledge behind me, the next
second is still essentially a mystery.
Writing my journal gives me the
opportunity of watching the thread
unravel, word by word, page by
page, my pen records the present
which once was future and then
for ever after is past. And ~~then~~ I
feel a deep satisfaction as I build

up volume after volume of journal,
which will give me the rare
opportunity to look back upon my
own past as a continuously
present. For the journal's view
is such. I believe that part of this
satisfaction stems from my intense
possessiveness about ~~my~~ ~~the~~ being
being alive. I felt it yesterday
when I went to visit Ann
Hoskins, editor of ~~the~~ our newspaper,
who has just been operated on
for cancer of the cervix. Her
spirit was magnificent. and she
ach just as I hope I might
in such a situation: she has
interest in life the living. ~~the~~
she talked to me with great
enthusiasm about our forum, the
Dooley case, Menninger's letter to me,
~~the~~ the principle behind our attitude
towards the Buckley's and many others

things. She was too weak to pour
the sherry; she was very thin & pale,
but her spirit was sharp. ~~to~~
When I left her, I drove ^{out into} ~~through~~
the early twilight and through my
brain kept repeating, in spite
myself, the phrase, "For God's sake
hold on to it, hold on to it."
I drove slowly and thought ~~with~~
~~thought~~ of all this beauty being
no longer mine. "Hold on. Hold on,
Don't let it go." I found myself
holding on tightly to the wheel.
~~a physical response to the wish~~
~~to hold on to life~~
~~keep my life going.~~ I snapped
out of this ^{deathly attitude} as soon as I got back
home & saw Earl & the children
standing out on the porch, waving
to me. "Look at the moon,"
Mummy. " ~~one~~ shouted Suzanne.
I turned around to the source of
light and there was a pure
orange moon hanging in the sky, a

pumpkin for Halloween, and so I stopped holding on tightly. But never the less, the possessiveness remains, and my journal does serve the purpose of ~~the~~ holding on at least to some aspects of my past, which otherwise would slip beyond my conscious grasp.

Wed. Nov. 2

* Last night we saw ~~the film~~ Olympia, made by Leni Reifenstahl Hitler's official photographer. It is a record of the 1936 Olympic Games. I was struck by the impending doom and of the tragedy about to ~~strike~~ ~~down~~ ~~at~~ ~~upon~~ these people. These graceful & powerful young men & women were doomed by the madness of Germany & Japan. Each German youth wore the swastika over his heart and when he was heited with passion his Fuehrer, ~~with horror of the times these words~~ ~~the were to~~ ~~commit~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~swastika~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~Fuehrer.~~

which were held in Germany.

~~But where could I ⁱⁿ find an impression I had was the impossibility~~

of localizing ~~investing~~ my hatred of Nazism? ~~anywhere~~. Certainly not to the young German ^{athlete,} ~~girl~~ with the cheering men & women urging them on, or the mad man Hitler smiling benignly from his box, conferring gaily with fat Goring? No, ^{I found I could not} ~~where~~. There is no place in me for hatred except in the moment of memory of hurt. When that passes, ~~but~~ my hatred becomes unattached, vague and passes almost ~~3~~ into understanding. ~~But~~ watching the film, I felt the hatred well up inside me, but I realized with a shock that there was no one for me to hate. I felt ~~a frustrated~~ ^{frustrated} ~~frustration~~. I wanted to hate but was stopped by the knowledge that I can never ^{persistently} ~~really~~ hate another human being since I am not, after all, so different. I am of the same

species, subject to similar pressures
and pains, responsive to comparable
pleasures. I feel elated when my
team wins & sad when it loses.

I am proud of my country, & loyal
to its goals; I am very moved
by any mass meeting or dramatic
moment. Is there a potential Nazi
in me, or would there be one if

I had been ~~used~~ ^{used} just slightly
differently? ^{Am I so different than the millions of}
^{men & women who supported Hitler?}
^{reluctant}

feeling of kinship which keeps
me from hating easily. I recognize
the monster in me, and I
also recognize myself in the monster.

I would ^{continue} to hate ^{myself}
in order to hate others, ^{beyond the}
moment of anger & hurt. ~~other~~
~~the most horrible~~

Thur. Nov. 3

Stephanie sing "Glory, Glory Have a
Lulie" instead for "Glory, Glory Halleluia Often

When I look at her, I feel positively
overcome with my affection for
her and I fear for her safety. I
want to ~~not~~ protect her from
every danger. It is with effort
that I pull my thoughts
out of this morbid hole.

except from ^{my} letter to Patsy:

"The ~~letter~~ civilization course sounds
fascinating. I know I was very
excited when I first came in
contact with the ideas of the
world's great thinkers. The conclusion
I came to about how to know what
is right & wrong from all the
conflicting theories is this: men's
ideas are personal expressions of
their own unique experiences, whether
that man be Plato or Valmore.
A system of philosophy is really
not so different from a painting,
a poem, a piece of music; it is a

personal expression. whether or not
you like a painting is a matter
of your personal experience, so,
in the end, whether or not you
"like" a certain philosophy is
a question of your unique
experiences and your culture. when
you think of the different systems
of philosophy, not as systems
of truth floating in a vacuum,
but as the reflection of a
single man's life and his own
reactions to the world about
him, you will see why there
are so many different philosophers
simply because there have been
so many philosophers. The inevitable
thing about philosophies as contrasted
with other of men's great creative
works, is that each philosophy
claims all the truth to itself.

Wed - Nov. 9

* The further I ~~expand~~ ^{explore} my abilities
in any one direction, the ~~closer~~
~~seem to become more related that~~
closer I ~~seem to set to home~~
to a central system of energy which
is ~~completely~~ ^{seems} as adaptable ~~to~~ ^{for} one
activity as ~~to~~ for another. ~~With~~
~~Earl's help~~ I am just beginning
I find that only superficially,
all my abilities decided ^{into those} musical
literary, ^{usual} ~~photography~~ etc. Once I begin
to feel any control over the medium,
I discover that it is the same
qualities which are exerting the
control here as with my other activities.
For example the other day I was
playing the piano for Earl - "Les
Danseuses de Delphes" ^{a piece work of} slow,
rising ascends, ~~no~~ ^{but} with full
chords, or so I thought.
"I think you're pedalling it"

to death," said Earl.

"You do, darling," I answered
familiar with this ~~sort~~ criticism
which he rightly makes ^{of me} as I
often cover my insecurity with
a blanket of uncontrolled sound.

"Yes," he said, putting
down his book and coming
over to the piano. "You know how
Horowitz plays Debussy - he finds
it out of chords as if they were
building blocks. Each chord has
a value and ~~is~~ shouldn't be
skipped into the next."

"I know, but how do
I get from one chord to the
next without bridging the gap
with the pedal?" And I began to
play ~~the~~ without pedal, thinking
how awful it sounded.

"You haven't ~~found out~~ discovered
what is important the structure

It's ~~that~~ ^{those} connecting notes that
are important - lead up to them
with your chords and then grip
out the single note - that's
where the shape is. He put
is ~~large~~ ^{strong} tanned ~~his~~ hands over
the ivory keep & played a chord
~~a~~ not and in illustration.

We began to examine the piece
with this ~~new~~ ^{fresh understanding} vision. As for the
closer I looked, the more apparent
it became that the single notes
were the point upon which the
chords were hung. Earl went back
to his book and I continued with
fascination to ~~use~~ ^{focus} consciously my
powers of observation upon the
music. I realized that the way
I had been playing it was similar
to taking a walk with out
noticing anything particular - only
the general scene. ^{I knew} How different my
walks have become since I began

to take pictures. I know now
this act brought into focus
just those details which ^{had} made
up my impressions of beauty,
but which I had not, heretofore,
singled out for conscious attention.

In that moment I realized that
what I wanted to do with my
music was the same thing
I had recently done with ^{what} ~~my~~

~~visions~~ ~~visions~~ ~~visions~~ ~~visions~~ ~~visions~~
to find just where ~~I believe~~ the
beauty lay, for me, and then
heighten it & preserve it and
~~make~~ possess it through a
creative act.

I do exactly this with my
writing. Out of a whole day's mental
experiences, I pick out one fragment
and hinge my pen upon it. It
is his ability to ^{to emphasize} ~~distort~~ which is so vital.

For writing is certainly a distortion
of life, which flows on endlessly
and thus it applies to all my

activities; ~~it is~~ what happens,

however, is that I tend to use

~~my~~ my powers of observation only in

one or two directions, rather than

applying them to the full circle

of my experiences. So I say to my-

self - "well, I am 'good' at

writing" but I'm simply not

musical. "What I will say now

is, "I haven't yet learned to ~~look~~ ^{listen}

at carefully to music, as I have

learned to attend carefully to the

events of my day with a view

to recording the most important

in words."

What this power of observation

amounts to is ~~a~~ becoming

conscious. Just as ~~a~~ person ~~is~~ ^{can} unconscious

of so much that is ~~effecting~~ ^{effecting} ~~within~~ ^{with} ~~me~~ ^{me}
~~him~~, so ~~one~~ ^{but} ~~is~~ ^{am} unconscious of so
much that is ~~going~~ ^{going} on affecting
~~him~~ ^{me} from without. The process
of looking inward and looking
outward, of knowing myself and
knowing my world are inseparable
They proceed at the same rate
* So I do not view myself
as an organism split up into
various abilities, but as ~~an organism~~
a being whose growth involves
an ever widening range of awareness
and to whom no doors need be
closed if I will but reach out &
open them - it is the seeing of
the closed door that is hard, not
the opening of it.

Thurs. Nov. 10

* I am animated each day by a
happiness so positive that it
feels like being in love, except

~~that instead of concentrating all my~~
~~attention on one person, the~~
~~one that~~ instead of being exclusive
the feeling is inclusive. The happiness
does not consist of looking towards
particular pleasures, nor does it
depend on particular accomplishments.
Like being in love, it turns all
activities associated in any way with
the loved one into a joy. My
love is first with Earl, but it
is not focused on him. I have
found the deepest sense of security
I have ever known. ~~The~~ The fact
that I am loved & needed by those
whom I love & need is the bulk of
it, but beyond that, the ~~the~~ heart
of the security system is my love of
my dog, from ~~morning~~ the cold
morning to the cold night, my
day is filled with rich & simple
pleasures - pleasures that demand a life
time's development and ^{need} never wear out.

↓ This knowledge of how much I love
to do what I do lifts me from
~~the ups + downs~~ + us makes me
invulnerable to the (careless,
irritant wind ^{pop up} the minute
~~out~~ ^{I all} down. I can sit and chat
amiably with a group of people,
~~laughing~~ ^{but} all the while I am
aware that my laughter ^{has} ~~goes~~ ^{is} ~~not~~
far deeper than the moment's
which is but ruffling the surface
of my joyful feelings. I am
happy all the way through - when
I get up in the dark chill
morning, my first thought is
usually about the pleasure of getting
back in my ~~warm~~ bed the camp
light. But one the action of dressing
& making breakfast warms me, then
I ~~literally~~ feel a glow of happiness

and anticipation spreading gently
through me until I literally experience
physical lightness throughout my
body. After breakfast I sit down

at my desk, pulling ^{back} the ^{curtain} walls &
~~drapery~~ to let in the rising sun.

Then I begin to write, confident of
complete quiet & privacy for a means
while.

Then come the children - their
gan good mornings and their little
embraces, then breakfast conversation
and the fascinating ride to school.

After that a myriad of possibilities
a walk with Stephanie and Zipper
^{across} ~~through~~ the still, frosted lawn, up
to the hill where the dead
fields of dried golden rod ~~stone~~
are ^{flat} ~~heads~~ of powdered silver in
the sun, and the frost runs along
where ever there is ~~get~~ a shadow. I
may take some pictures.

Then back to the house.

The morning telephone calls.
Has John Wedda heard from the
Indian Delegation yet? No - then
call Pakistan House. Call Alan ^{Berk} +
tell him about Reid's latest
childish outburst. Call Lettie Carson
to tell her the ^{same} report on Julius
Cahn: Seely Brown's Washington Office
did a complete check on him. He's
Sen.
Alex. Wiley's ~~right~~ counsel & confidence.
He's Julius Cahn first & a liberal
Republican second; ~~Stewart~~ ^{Stuart} also
says he's brilliant, says he's ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~credible~~
with converting Wiley from an
isolationist to an internationalist;
Wiley won't make a move without
consulting Cahn first. Call Elmo Roper
and tell him about the panelists.
Call Robin Leach & ask him to write
Harrison Salisbury if he'll cover the
Bowles program for the Times. Call
Mrs. Sullivan, ask her to baby sit

Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday
nights. Call Marge & accept the
invitation for cocktails. Check
with Marge clause to see if
she wants "Connie Allen" to play
with Steph tomorrow. Order from
the market. Call dressmaker to see
if skirt is finished.

Then if its a nice day - I may
take a book down to the swings
& read while Stephanie plays.
If it is ~~Tuesday~~ a playgroup morning,
I'll drive up to the Howat's to
sit & sip coffee with Diane,
Pauline Ford, Doris Pomeroy while
the children play & fight or
sit ponderously at my feet, trying to
avoid the children. Zipper is curled
up on my lap.
Then comes lunch with the children

"Well, dear, what happened in school today?"

"I play"

"Oh - you did, & what did you play?"

"I play with Mrs. Smith, I play with fire engine."

"Susie play with fire engine" Stephanie immediately informs us again.

"Tommy Blagden hit Peter in the eye with a stick under the slide," Suzanne continues her report.

When I put the sals in for their nap, Earl and I read the papers and then take a walk, down to Marshall's lake perhaps, if we have time & the weather is fine. We may be down at the edge of the lake and close our eyes or ~~in~~ to the sun listening to the

rush of icy water falling over
the dam & into the hemlock grove
Again I have my camera with me,
taking shots whenever the beauty
startles me: through a thick
tangle of yellow leaves & black branches
~~through~~ to the glittering blue water ^{level}
up from the base of a oak
towards the sky, with the
dried clusters of oak leaves
glowing dully like scathed gold,
~~against a~~ cloud wispy or brown
upon a small red leaf that the
sun has lit alone ~~against~~ to.

~~We may walk down into the
hemlock grove~~

When we return from our
walk, I play the piano. From
the first moment my fingers
touch she keeps for ~~the~~ exercises
I am engrossed,
concentrating as deeply as I am
able, now that I ~~have~~ ^{have learned} ~~to~~

that to play music requires as
much attention as to write ~~words~~,
and as much awareness of each
to note as I give to each
word in my journal.

It is invariably just when
my fingers are warm that the
children begin to stir and call
Usually I cannot resist continuing
for a while, letting them play
next to me. I had no
other needs I would easily stay
at the piano all afternoon.

Lately, after the plants I
have been planting up bulbs. Unfortunately
the children have had colds
and I have not been able to share
the fun with them - and they
have been a bit neglected, but I
had to put the bulbs in. I made
the beautiful bed of tulips along
the pathway fence. ~~I cut into the earth as~~

if ~~it were a piece of cake~~. I put
the shovel through the ~~the~~ veil of
grass into the soil and turned
over ^{the} ~~my~~ shovel full of black, brown
^{earth} soil so cold and moist that
my hands ached ~~with~~ for hours
after. ^{when} ~~after~~ I had carved the bed,
which lay a black strip sunk
into the surrounding green, I
placed the pearly ~~white~~ tulip
bulbs on the surface. ~~After~~ ^{to arrange them}
had arranged them, then began to
dig their separate holes, down into
the earth ~~with~~ which grew warmer
the deeper I dug. At the pit,
of each cavity, I found that nothing
would do but my fingers, to push
aside the ~~to~~ crumbling soil which
keeps refilling the hole. when the ~~to~~ hole
was deep and wide enough, I placed
the white heart of a tulip in, and
covered it carefully by taking a lump
of soil ^{between} ~~on my~~ hands and crumbling
it, ~~so as to envelop the~~ the

bulb disappeared gradually under the
shower of fine soil. I filled the
hole up to the top with soil,
pressed it down firmly and then
patd the top to make the earth
plump and neat for winter.

Darkness comes early now,

so I finish ^{my planting} ^{around}
quarter of five. ^{at foot of the bulb} ^{with a} ^{leaf} ^{some said}
kissed my cheek at such a

moment he said "you feel the
the wet earth," and indeed his
lips felt strange upon my face.
whose coldness I did not aware

of until he touched me.
Earl makes builds our evening

fire around fire thicket. The children
love to watch and "hide" ^{heard} ^{the}
the fire sneezes, & "help Daddy" by
fanning and blowing the small ^{beginning}
flames. Once the logs catch, the room

Fills with the sweet, musty and odor
which never ceases to remind me of
stepping into a French country inn
on a cold winter evening and
seeing and smelling and hearing the
fire in the big hearth. For to me
a fire is more smell and sound and
sight than warmth.

~~For we are not going out~~
Then I begin to make dinner.
Sometimes for all of us, for or
just for Earl and me, Earl &
the children usually stay with me
in the kitchen to keep me company,
if I am hungry, which I invariably
am, I may be an inspired
cook, tasting constantly, stirring ever
hungrier until finally, ~~to~~ we are
seated at the low table by the
fire - me, close to the flames,
sitting on 3 pillows. Earl ~~sits~~
on the couch opposite ~~to~~ me.
We linger over dinner. And when

we are finished we call the children back from the playroom. We either read a story on their own choosing, or ~~the~~ sing songs, or listen to ~~such~~ records ^{as} Peter & The Wolf or Soup Buds & America.

Once we finally tuck the children in for good, Saul and I settle down to a cozy evening of conversation, reading aloud, showing my pictures, looking at magazines or what ever else strikes our fancy.

And then to bed.

Such are the days, with infinite variations, ~~that I so love~~.

Mon. Nov. 14

After the opinions Unlimited
debate between Vincent Hartnett and
George Hamilton Combs, the editor
of ~~the~~ the Lakeville Journal work

an editorial. He said he sided with
Mr. Combs, and he gave his
reasons. The spirit of the editorial
was calm and not aggressive. The
next week there was a "reply"
by John Buckley, attacking ^{Stewart} Stewart
for speaking so sanctimoniously on
the subject of indiscriminate accusation
so few months after committing
a reckless and cowardly smear in a
letter to the Haverford College
News, a smear so disgraceful as
to prompt a vote of censure by
the American Committee for Cultural
Freedom against Haverford for
having allowed your letter to be
published. . . . After a few more
vindictive sentences, the letter
continues to try to refute Stewart's
position ~~argument~~ that to fight communism by
keeping ~~party card carriers~~ fellow travelers
to any one associated with front org. off

from working by the blacklist method
of any American citizen's right,
and not the best way to combat
communism.

at the end of the long letter,
John under his signature was

- JWB/aot
- cc. Mrs. Ann O'Donnell
- Messrs. David Harris
- Reos Harris
- Donald Warner
- Alan Buck
- Robinson Leech
- William F. Buckley, Jr.
- F. Reid Buckley

which means that copies were
sent to these people, but actually
which was interpreted by ~~him~~ ^{him}
& others - to be signatures in
agreement - in fact, ~~that~~ the
undersigned had nothing to do with
the letter, some of them - Buck, Leech &
Warner, are in diametric opposition
to the ~~the~~ Buckley point of view.

we have spent a good many
hours and thoughtful moments
trying to decide upon the proper
comment to make in next week's
Journal, ~~every~~ from "Dear Sohn,
Sick, Sick, Sick," signed "Frankie"
to rational refutations of his
argument, to a comment about how
fortunate we are to live in a
community where such ^{minority} views as
~~Buckley's will be printed by the~~
~~Editor~~ Buckley's will be tolerated,
to my wish to describe the American
Committee for Cultural Freedom factually
and also to express my ^{contributions}
of the ^{how poisonous} hate and fear ^{behind the}
Buckley views ~~to~~ would be ~~injected~~ ^{injected} into
any group of people who accepted
those views.

Earl feels strongly that we should
not dignify Buckley with a serious
reply, but in view of Allan's repeated
telephone calls, he offered suggestions

like having Allan as president
Opinions Unlimited offer ^{by means of a letter to} a free ^{the club}
Season ticket to John +
~~any one else~~ ^{to others} in subsequent

debates for writing the most
stimulating letter about the
debate. Allan thought this idea
a stroke of genius at first, but
after talking to Lettie + Garry (and
he changed his mind. They believe
such an offer would indicate

that we sanction such a standards
type of letter as was John's.
Then believe that ^{the} ~~we~~ ^{now}
as officers of Opinions Unlimited,

of us, ^{Steth + especially Allan}
should ~~not~~ take any public notice
of the Buckley letter. To do so

would only be to build him up
& to take on a fight with an
underhanded fighter on his own

grounds.
To every wish I express to
write one sort of letter or another.

Paul asks - what is your real
aim? Isn't it to hurt John -
Isn't that what you really want?

I suppose in a way it is, but
it is also my need to protect
myself and what I believe in
against these verbal accusations.

Paul and the Carson's do not
feel themselves ~~to be~~ as targets to
these verbal arrows - sure they
deny that the arrows have any
validity, therefore any existence.

But I feel that an verbal
arrow does not have to be hurt
rational to be deadly. On the
contrary, it is the irrational
aggression which usually ^{and is killing} arouse the
most people.

Fortunately for us
the Buckler's couch then hatred
in philosophico-religio-politico... etc.
terms & thereby render them

fairly harmless to the general
reader. But still, I cannot help but

feel challenged and to feel that not
accepting the challenge amounts
to shirking my responsibility to protect
what I love.

The worst of it is I have not
been able to formulate my own
~~these~~ verbal weapons - to my
satisfaction. What I feel ^{intuitively} is
that the ~~best~~ Buckley's political
ideas are an elaborate rationalization
of unconscious hatred. They act
as though they were being
attacked when they have not been,
and they respond by personal &
slandorous attacks on the person
whose ~~expressed~~ ideas they claim
to disagree with. None of them have
been personally ~~hurt~~ hurt by
a ^{Communist} ~~Communist~~ as far as I know,
yet they ^{all} have a violent dislike
not only for actual ^{Communism} ~~Communism~~
but for any one ^{in his rank} ~~in his rank~~
attracted to its humanitarian ideals.

~~They~~ They feel that anyone who ever had anything to do with Communism owes, in Reid's own words,

"a public apology to 160 million Americans." ^{I think he means, the communist sympathizers} ~~that~~ believe that one of the reasons the Buckley's have ^{focused} ~~picked~~ on

Communists to hate is that they make the most adequate ~~state~~ ^{scape-} goat to symbolize the whole trend of civilization which is doing away

with the all-powerful, invulnerable ruler with his serfs or slaves to wait upon him. There is no doubt in my mind that Reid Buckley, for one, regrets this bitterly, and hates

Communists because he feels they have deprived him of his own rights.

But since it is not just the Communists who have spoken of the rights of the common man, ^{thereby, and correctly, against Reid's right} but the

majority of voices of our age, the Buckley's find their neurotic claims being challenged by practically

everyone except a few who share
their own peculiar wish to have
slaves. I am not esupt to
understand what has happened
to these people to produce these
needs, but I feel certain that
some such neurotic need is
behind their political ideas.

Tues. Nov. 14

~~I read the journal to Earl last~~
~~night: I see that I have what~~
me girl in Our Town went
about ^{not} having. doing during
her life — an awareness
how much she loved. What
was especially painful to her was
seeing ~~to~~ being aware only to
late, after her death, of the
miraculous joy of her life, with
her ~~mother~~ Mama + Papa. her siblings
her husband. Death will never catch
me unaware in this respect
intense reaction to life when hearing

about the reactions of a person who was
saved after almost ~~8~~ - being close
to death, but ~~I believed~~ ~~me~~ I
had imagined, however, that this
heightened consciousness should not,
indeed could, not, remain without
destroying my happiness. I have
found this ~~to be~~ not to be so. The
more aware I am of each moment's
beauty, the more I think about
it and write about it ~~and~~
the better it becomes the next time.

There seems to be no limit to
joy as there is to despair, which
at last must end in one form of
self-destruction or another, and the
more intimate my knowledge of
happiness becomes, the more convinced
I am that, ^{for me,} beyond a certain point,
grows and joy so hand and hand.
The fact that so many creative works
have been ~~done~~ achieved while the artist
was otherwise miserable is to me

is a magnificent tribute to the ^{indomitable} spirit
of man, but no reason to conclude,
as many have done, that ~~we~~ ^{we}
work best with handicaps. Every-
thing in my own experience points
to the conclusion that happiness
is the ~~normal~~ natural condition
of the human organism - natural
in the sense that in a state
of happiness the organism
functions properly. ~~Physical~~ ~~Physical~~
Physical processes work the way they
should and so do the psychic.

Sat. Nov. 19

~~I cannot seem~~ ~~the~~ ~~subject~~
I seem to be able to write
nothing but my happiness lately.
Again the analogy of being in love
comes to mind. When I was in
love, I could think of nothing else,
and ^{my} love colored everything, so is it
with my happiness of today. I feel
curious about this blessed state and

wonder whether other people feel
experience it in the way I do. When
other people say they are happy,
what do they mean? Do they mean
this positive radiance; do they mean
this super-consciousness, ~~of or to~~
of the beauty of a simple day; do they
mean this overwhelming sense of
good-fortune, ~~so inexplicable as~~
~~inexplicable as the misery of~~ ^{so many}
~~others~~ so good as to mystify me
^{have come to} I see my happiness how as a
fact, like a ~~stone~~ rock or a lake,
with no need to justify it - because
I found it impossible to justify
against the black back drop of ^{so many} others'
misery.

+ What an impossible job
theologians undertake when they set
about to make God omnipotent
and just. It is my own happiness
which has made me feel to the very
core of my being, ~~the not the injustice,~~

~~the inapplicability of the word~~
~~the meaningless of the~~

~~justice~~

X that justice is a meaningless word
when used to explain the scheme of
things. For by no stretch of
my imagination could I justify
the glory of my life, with its
heaven and wealth and beauty
in terms of what I deserved.
How could I possibly believe in
a God who gave me all this ~~wealth~~
and left so many others cold?
I do not, however, feel the need to justify
the fact that there is a mountain
in front of my window nor
~~the fact~~ that there is a
grove or silver birch outside my
door - I might want to explain
it - but not justify it. So if
I am becoming ~~rich~~ with my
the mountain + the silver birch, it is

where, and my interest is to preserve
it & learn about it, but not to
justify its existence, for that is
an impossibility.

+ I seem to have achieved that
blessed state of Grace which religious
people talk about — but with
none of the rigamarole that they
do enough. What fascinates me —
what keeps me writing about this
subject, is my interest in how
this happened. How do I happen
to be so happy? What are the
essential ingredients? It seems as
evanescent to me now as it
did when I was unhappy & was
looking for it. For ~~it~~ when I felt
miserable, I had tangibly, every single
thing that I have now: — I had my health,
my looks & my money and I could say
to myself in scorn; how can a girl
who has so much be so miserable.

Everything I had made my unhappiness
seem more of a mystery, while now, everything
I have reinforces my joy.
~~Mon-Nov-21~~ I have learned that ^{generally} it is not
~~these~~ profitable to discuss these feelings
with acquaintances. Rodney ever told
me last night that it is
all well + good to live for the
moment and for my own pleasure -
but that there was something
far more important than doing
things for my own pleasure
because they pleased me - The
main goal should be serving
others, thinking of others' pleasures
first and your own second; ~~and~~
you should love thy neighbor as
thyself" said Rod.
"Ah, exactly" I said, "as
you love yourself - there is the
key to that statement, ~~you~~ will

~~love your neighbor, w~~ if you don't
love yourself. Rod, you ~~do~~ won't
be able to love your neighbor -
you won't know how to love
him, much as you might want
to. ~~if you hate~~ But if
you love yourself, you will naturally
love others - without making some
sort of ^{giving} ~~duty~~ out of it. Such as
~~overflowing~~ love has nothing
to do with duty. Service of
sacrifice. The biggest obstacle to
loving others is ~~that you hate~~
yourself. Rod, if you're not pleased
with yourself - if you don't feel happy
any love to give. you might be
able to help people, but you won't
be able to love them - and since
love is the great healer - you will
be left doing superficial service.
I am afraid I was getting

a little light on them. I had really
forgotten about Rodney and I
was arguing against an inner
man of my own. That still,
small voice that tells me I
don't deserve what I've got, ~~and~~
I ought to be punished for having
so much; that sacrifice &
service are the necessary penance &
the best means of preserving what
I do have. This is a voice of
fear, I know.

— — — — —

Last evening we went to cocktails
at Marshall's to meet ^{the} Malcolm
Cowley & the Ted Morrisons.
I told Mrs. Morrison and Mrs.
Cowley about Earl's show at the
Panoras Gallery. Mrs. Cowley said
immediately, "Don't let them have
so many paintings in a small

gallery and it would be ^{the} ~~deductive~~. Just
pick out your best ones + hang
more.

When I told this to Earl this
morning, he said, "I hope you
didn't act too amazed." As it
happened, I kept my head ^{quite}
well - but the fact that someone
had heard of the gallery was a
startling surprise.

Mon. Nov. 28

I love to see the guests come
and I love to see them go. I
interruine my days with them
completely when they are here, but
soon, inevitably, I want to
untangle our lives, ~~and~~ proceed
unfettered by the constant demands
of friendship.

Perce came on Monday with our
new red + white Plymouth Station
wagon. After all my ~~own~~ ^{my} praises + our

At foreign cars, I felt in the Plymouth
as though I had come home at
last, just like ~~thought~~
when I was in Paris I thought
I could live there forever -
until I set foot on American
soil, ~~when I knew~~ and knew
that this was where all paths
led for me. ~~The~~ sense of
power and control; I liked the
space and the full view; I liked the
velocity man and ~~white~~ exterior,
I liked the way it responded to
my touch, like ^{fine} ~~so~~ much power achieved ⁱⁿ ~~so~~ little exertion
horse. Although I had not driven
an American car for 3 years,
with my first feel of the Plymouth
wheel, it was the foreign cars
which seemed strange or the
Plymouth which seemed familiar.
Naturally, Perce was very pleased
at my enthusiasm - & it was a

surprize to me, ~~as~~ I had not
anticipated really liking the station
wagon. It was a matter of convenience
and business; ~~some~~ we needed it to
transport paintings and sculptures
to New York. But the car ~~surprized~~
startled me, making me aware of
a certain love of my country's way
which a view of the flag might

do in a strange land. I
saw epitomized in my new automobile
that the combination of enormous power
and a light-heartedness, a gaiety, which
I think is ^{peculiarly} ~~peculiarly~~ American.

I have a deep affection for
Percy, mixed with a certain scorn. He
seems to be receding further and
further from my way of life &
scope of interests. His manner of
speech and dress mark him as
some one who is absorbing the
colloquia of his locality. His repeatedly

expressed dislike of the farmers' way of life is probably an unconscious ~~recognition~~ fight against becoming one of them. But criticizing them as he might for their narrowness of interests, his own interests seem to me to be narrowing to meet theirs. His views on politics amount to angry ^{hateful} barbs against all democrats, ~~as willful deserters~~ ~~deserters~~ imputing their motives and malpractices their character. This attitude seems very unlike the gentle ~~peace~~ and just peace I knew. These feelings are unthought out, ~~ind~~ indefensible and petty.

His views on most contemporary affairs are toned down as they are for us, are at best a ^{political} ~~quaff~~ ~~quaff~~ ~~quaff~~ loud bewilderment behind which lies ~~an~~ embarrassment.

It is on our love for children that we ~~met~~ meet. Here too is where his intelligence and warmth are apparent. This love of family life is the core of the man and the only area in which I can communicate with him without ~~feeling~~ ~~condescending~~ condescension.

Of course, if he were not Earl's brother, I would probably not resent this course of development in Peter. But since he is so close a relative, I suppose I feel a bit deprived of what might have been a full and ~~clear~~ relationship.

However, I was very glad to see him, for a strong affection does exist between our two families, and it was a pleasure to strengthen it.

On Wednesday evening the Riches arrived, ~~I think~~ the quality I like best about Doug and Stanley is something I also liked in John Steinbeck.

The tendency to appraise human beings on a rating scale that has ^{little} ~~nothing~~ to do with their "position" or their "achievements" as these factors are ~~used~~ ordinarily defined; it is ~~their~~ ^{our} perception of ~~human~~ ^{a person's} ~~people's~~ character ~~independently~~ single standard of evaluation which ~~depends~~ ^{is} on character rather than situation. They don't tend to like someone better because he has money or fame. In any thing, the reverse seems to be the case, both with the Riches or with Steinbock. I don't go along with this, and I lease don't of her as she grandly all ~~at~~ admit that although so and so has money, he is nice. I took issue with this attitude in Steinbock, ~~where~~ when I began to ~~detect his prejudices~~ notice that the prostitutes were unfailingly sweeter than the respectable & relatively wealthy wives. But this is a small

prejudice, perhaps necessary to over-
balance that enormous weight of
ordinary social opinion. Anyway, I
find it their most valuable
quality and the basis of much of
their good humor.

our son says together went off
smoothly, with maximum pleasure and
minimum confusion. The Rich children

obey their parents only the way
children who feel loved are able -
without resentment. In fact, ^{his time} Chris

and Larry seemed far easier to
handle than Suzanne and Stephanie,
~~at times~~ were more on the
time and less demanding in
their pursuit of happiness!

invitation at Stephanie, in particular,
welled up inside me far too often.
As I tried to control my temper
at her unreasonable demands, I
thought of the similarity between raising
children and handling nations. Since
the wanted result in both cases is

a healthy, independent ally, neither
the mother nor the statesman
can ^{often} afford the pleasure of punishing
out of anger. ~~We~~ ^{The Statesman} cannot simply
turn ~~our~~ ^{his} back on India because she
has all the vices that go with
an inferiority complex, or lash
out against Egypt because she
is playing both ends against the
middle and more than the mother
can beat her child and expect
~~the~~ the love & support which
she needs from him. We are
~~not~~ forced ^{by our own needs} to an understanding
behavior towards India & Egypt, just
as we are forced by our own needs
to try to handle our children ^{considerately}.

Tues. Nov. 29

I am looking forward to many
fine days this week. First of all, a
drive to the dentist in Kent in the
Plymouth. I remember how the road

looks in the morning light. like a
bull. black river ~~that~~ flowing
through the ~~heat~~ ^{plump} fat hills. The
reflections will be rose or silver
on the ponds.

I like to see Dr. Robarge.
He is handsome and always
makes me feel as though I am
at the center of things - which,
often are - like with opinions
unlimited. His wife will come
~~out of~~ ^{into} the office to listen

This afternoon Martha Atchley
's coming over to play 4 hands with
me. We are working on Beethoven's
~~symphony~~ a Mozart concerto and ~~have~~
Pavane, by Ravel. We are gradually
gaining fluency and are almost to
the point where we will be able
to listen to the music with care. I
am finding Martha hard to know, although
very easy to get along with. She is hard
to know because she never by the

slightest intonation admits that John is a problem which she is constantly handling. Maybe she does not know that this is the situation. But it seems obvious to me, from Martha defends John

from his own self-belittling tendencies. John will be talking with clarity and I will be listening with interest when he turns upon himself, "you

probably have never been so bored in your life." he will say, or "I'm sure you don't

care or "what do I know about this?" think about it" etc. Interestingly, he makes these remarks exactly at the point when I am most

fascinated by what he is saying. He tears himself down as he precise moments he is at his best.

And it is immediately evident such an obviously irrational, self-

destructive remark that Martha,
jumps in to protect him from this
self-scorn - "Oh John," she will
laugh, ~~trying~~ to make light of it -
"So on, John - of course they're
interested in what you're saying."
and John will go on for another
while until his demon pops up
again to stab him. Some times she
stab him so much that he
does not continue, and revert to
that childish, coquetry that typifies
him at his worst.
although he relies on Martha
for this help, he also tries to
tear her down, perhaps resenting
his childlike need for her, perhaps
because at those moments when
she helps him, she represents that
part of his self which he tries to
destroy. But whatever the reason,
he tries to belittle her, too, when
praising her without putting that
rule into the praise.

Of course I have never discussed
any of this with Martha. She
shows no inclination whatsoever
to do so, and speaks of John
as her guide & mentor in life.
It is not that I care to pry
into her personal life; it is just
that I do not think anyone
could be close to her until
this crucial situation in her
life were brought out in the open.

On Friday ~~of the~~ will be the
Chester Bowles program. Does much
more fun if it is to have planned
series, to have an integral part
of it, rather than simply to be
given as a member of the audience.
I would a thousand times rather
participate actively in one event
like the Bowles program than see
the 10 best shows on Broadway.
There will be a dinner before the
forum, with Chester Bowles, Elms

Roper, & Ansari and the directors, OR
I have to see to it that Julius
Cahn is picked up at Millerton at
7:10. After the program, we will
go to Debbie O'Donnell's house for
the post-forum party. Then we
will group Julius to our house for
the night. The Hewatts are taking
Roper; the other two are returning
home. If Julius is half as interesting
as Stewart also says he is, it
ought to be very stimulating to
have him as our guest.

On Saturday, we are going to
have a small dinner party:- the Blegdens,
the Cansons & Marshall.

On Tuesday Diane & I & two of
her children are driving up to Vermont
to visit ^{for the night} Bill & Ginny Cowles- her
sister & her husband.

Wed. Nov. 30.

It is so cold this morning that the small flakes of snow touch the ground like dry leaves do, ~~as they fall upon the pink plastic chair outside my window~~ dryly, without altering ~~their delicate~~ ~~furry shapes~~. If a gust of wind ~~blows~~ blows up, the flakes scatter lightly along the ~~path~~ + peats and valleys of frozen earth, bounding and falling to rest again. As I look out my window, the earth seems so still and heavy, the flakes so light and airy. All the life of the morning is in those snow flakes - the rest is cold & quiet.

~~Here inside the~~ Here inside, I feel quite festive & cozy; I have an acute sense of the warmth of my hood and ~~watch~~ look upon ~~it~~ compared with the lifeless

~~year outside~~. I don't seem to have
anything to write about, but I am
loathe to disturb the intimacy of
this moment. But when I have
nothing to write about. . . . how
can I go on. This happens to me
occasionally - and I never fail
to feel a twinge of fear - that suddenly
I would have nothing more to
write about for the rest of my
day.

Mon. Dec. 5

I have not written lately. I
did not want to write this
morning. But the fear that I might
be able to live without writing
kept me hollow & longing. So I
am forcing myself to write word
as they come into my head - This is
better than nothing.
The past few days have been
~~so~~ filled with a ^{whole} ~~rush~~ of events
at which I found myself the witness

Center. On Thursday afternoon Lettie
received word that Chester Bowles
would not be able to speak here
Friday night. He was rushing his
wife up to the Boston Leaky clinic
in an ambulance for a brain tumor
operation. I felt ~~down~~ sorry for
him, but we had to rally ourselves
& get another speaker. Between Lettie,
Allen and I we called William L.
Schiver, Norman Cousins, Theodore L.
White, John Hersey, Matt Ascoli,
Raymond Graham Swing, Sol Padover
and about 20 others with no luck.
Lettie & I were on the phone
~~continually~~. Finally ^{Earl} ^{suggested}
Gannett ^{book reviewer} Lettie ^{for the length}
Tying Lewis ^{knows} him just as
him. She contacted him ^{at} home
he was ending up ^{do} exhausted
in West Cornwall. He was
he was looking forward to a quiet
evening; we should try Bill Schiver;
but if all else failed, well, maybe,

We went to bed with that thought.
After ~~spending~~ ^{most of} the next
morning on the phone, Lettie
called Lewis and he was good enough
to say he would do it. I was to
bring him a copy of Bowles' book
~~to~~ right after lunch. I changed my
sweater, put on my (charter) use
french hat with the fassle &
headed out into the snow storm. The
roads were already ^{visin.} white and ~~ribbons~~
unmarked by the prints. ~~The~~ snow ^{drifts}
burst into the road Plymouth
window. I ^{put} ^{scantly} ^{my} foot on the
break. I felt the car begin scantly
to slide. So I crept along, lurching,
listening to the roaring heater fighting
the ~~thick~~ ~~enveloping~~ ~~drill~~, I
climbed music mountain under the
miraculous power and grip of the
Plymouth automobile, not daring even

to turn the radio on, for it seemed
that even a momentary shift of
concentration would cause a pause.

I would have lost ^{my hold} ~~the~~ of the
road. I ~~gave~~ ^{gave} right at ^{the cross-roads} ~~as directed~~
at the top of the hills ^{leaving} ~~the~~

the pointed ^{small} ~~saw~~ ^{Music} ^{Mountains} and ^{white} ^{sign} ^{wind}
up another long hill until I

found on my left "a large white
house with a red roof." I drove
up the drive way and walked

across the snowy front lawn to
the front door. I knocked, peering

into the narrow window beside the
door. I saw a steep staircase, and
shelves of tightly packed books, &

then a man, carrying a stack
of maps & albums. He had white

hair, ~~white~~ ^{cut} like a small
boy's. It ^{jutted} ~~stuck~~ out stiffly ^{but} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~hard~~
no fore head. ~~He wore a~~ the ~~looked~~

me around the house. I heard a door opening on the other side. "I'd almost forgotten there was a door there," he said. "Does anybody ever use it?"

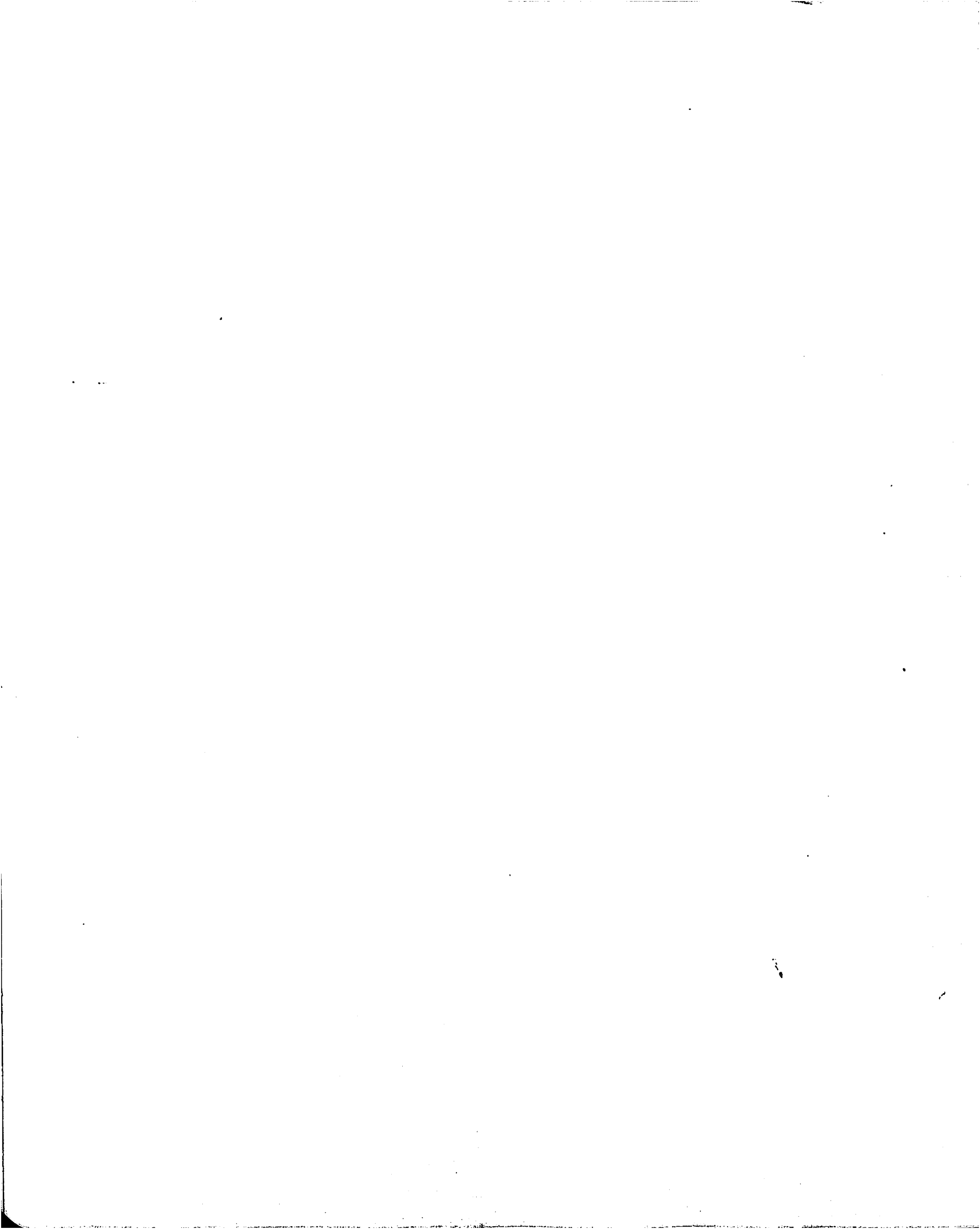
I entered through the screen porch into the dining room. The floor was painted red and on the red floor was a beautiful Navajo rug woven in clean patterns of red, white & black. He helped me off with my coat & led me through a music room to the living room, which was lined with books and filled with couches that seemed to have settled into various comfortable broken down shapes from many many years of being sat upon. There was a fire in the hearth. "Wow," he said, ~~not~~ talking with his cigarette ~~hanging from~~ hanging from his lips, "do I see it, ~~you~~ set up there and say here I was unexpected, unprepared

Tue. Dec. 6

I am ~~going~~ driving up to Vermont today
with Diane, Suzanne & two of James'
children to spend the night with
the Corvets.

A jet is drawing a line straight
fast, and a pink on the pale blue
sky this dawn. The sun is ^{still} hidden ^{by} the
mountain, but ~~the~~ ~~jet~~ is
lighting the jet's ~~trail~~
which looks more alive than
all the grey world on earth

~~the~~ the jet looks more alive
than anything on earth



and unwanted. Then I give all
them I'm a book reviewer +
that I am going to review Browns
book. This dates me about ten
minutes. Then I ask each one of
the panelists to make a statement.
This was the beginning of our
visit which lasted about one hour
and a half. I talked very little.
He rambled on + on returning
momentarily to the subject and
then expanding a tangent and then
contracting to the subject again. He
had a mind for small detail
out of which he built his ideas.
He had a cozy warmth + interest
in people. He wanted to know, as
about who was on the Opinions
Unlimited; their families, their policies,
their personalities. He would start
me going on a person + then he
would interrupt me to explore +
different tangent or to return to the
evening's program. It took me about

a half hour to leave, as he stopped
to tell me about the Mexican
antiquities, the gear up he used
as a sleeping bag on the Pueblo
desert in 1926 + so on.

The dinner party at the Loma
Rock Lodge was perhaps the ^{best} ~~most~~
fun → the evening for me. As
program chairman it was my
lot to ~~talk to~~ ^{feel} ~~my~~ ^{reaches} ~~explain~~ ^{how} ~~the~~ ^{prop.}
washed them to organize the
program. So there I was with
Gannett and Elmo Roper, ^{with} drinks in their
hands, listening to my views. I was
in that glow of excitement that
~~well-known~~ famous men invariably
produce in me, feeling with brilliant
and beautiful. I had ^{already} been impressed
by the kindness & charm & organization
of Lewis Gannett. Now I was learning
about Roper's qualities. He was so
considerate of me, so as I tried to

figure out how to organize the
meeting without our principal
Speaker. When I decided he ought to
be shifted from moderator to
panelist he told me that anyway
I wanted it would be perfectly
allright with him + that I was
not to worry about him at all.
at one point ~~to~~ we were

discussing ~~various~~ ~~columnist's~~ views.
~~It was at this point that~~
and I ~~got an~~ ~~interview~~ ~~with~~ Roper's
~~when we were discussing his views~~ ~~we had~~
views on David Lawrence ~~there~~

the first interview ~~we had~~
what Earl calls Roper's "mysticism"
after brief allusions to ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~in~~
dislike for ~~the~~ Fulton Lewis
Sr, George Sokolsky he said, "But
David Lawrence is the real menace -
he's the real danger -"
"David Lawrence?" "I said,

* surprised because although I invariably
disagree with Lawrence, he writes in
tempered language about issues
rather than individuals.

"I don't agree with Lawrence." I
said, "but I never think of him
as accusatory, as trying to hunt
specific people by libelous remarks."

"Ah," said Roger, "there is
the danger - ~~there is the essence~~
he does it so well you'd never
~~know~~ he accuse him of slander,
but he is slanderous, never the less.

what did you think of about the
way he wrote about Truman?"
I could not remember anything
about that & merely mumbled something

"You see, that's what is so
dangerous about Lawrence. People
don't think he is unfair & ~~not~~ accurate
But he is; he always is - and

That's why he is so effective."

~~When the~~ soon dinner
was announced. There were separate
tables with place cards. I had
asked that the Parsons be at the
head table this time instead
me because they were friends of
Bowles. But I was annoyed
when I found I had been placed
at a table with Mrs. Stoddard
& Mr. Pulver - ^{the} two of most gossip
members or opinions on hand.
Mr. Wallich, who was to be on my
left, was still making his slippery
way up to from New Haven.
Mr. Pulver is a faint haired
pleasant faced, ^{young} man, who ~~smiles~~ flashes
a smile instead of saying anything.
Mrs. Stoddard is the wife of the
principal of Regional
Smiley & uninformative, as far as she
lets on, I resigned myself to
a dull dinner. But before we had
finished our soup Henry Wallich walked

into the dining room. I was so glad to see him that I liked him on sight & launched Goldy into his views on the topic of the evening. He felt that we the United States ought to meet the ^{new} Russian challenge with increased economic & technical aid. He thought that with the annual increase in our national income we can surely afford to give ~~it~~ ^{more}. He felt that ~~we would be~~ our own economy would be endangered only if we tried to increase aid & at the same time cut taxes.

"So you feel that we would need to raise taxes in order to give more where would that end?" I asked to draw him out. "Bowles said in that article in the Times that we needed a Marshall plan for Asia, South America & Africa — how much did ~~that~~ ^{the Marshall plan} cost?"

"About 17 billions"

"Well — ~~can~~ ^{do} you envision us

spending comparable sums or more
on Asia, Africa & South America?

"No, not at all," he answered
in his clipped German accent. "I
think it would cost us less.
Don't forget - ^{in Europe} we were left dealing
with hungry people whose means
of livelihood had been destroyed.
We had to give them food, clothes
& shelter. ~~In Asia it would be~~
~~wouldn't be~~ Asia doesn't need
that - Asia needs capital investment
that costs less and supposes
it pay for itself."

"You mean that we could
loan them the money
giving it in some cases?"

"Yes, I think we could. &
The main problem with ~~the~~ ^{giving} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~countries~~
to these underdeveloped countries is
absorption; they couldn't use billions
of dollars. They don't have the
technicians -

"Do you really suppose that

the Russians can afford to give the
kind of aid they are promising now -
now - if it is a drain on us is it
not a worse drain on them? "
" It is a drain on them - but they
can do a lot by sending technicians
which they have more of than we
do. "

" It isn't it annoying that it
always seems so much less expensive
for the Russians to do something
than for us to do it. I bet they
didn't spend as much in winning
Red China as we spent in losing
Nationalist China. We've poured
billions of dollars into Asia anyway,

to now, just ~~because~~ ^{with} the Russians
are ~~making~~ a few flashy offers
the Russians ^{are being} ~~have~~ ^{poached} ~~stolen~~ ^{with} ~~the spotlight~~
as benefactors. ^{of} ~~it~~ ^{manhood} seems to me our
biggest failure is certainly not
that we haven't given enough,
haven't been humanitarian enough -
but that we have failed to represent
ourselves as we are. We who ~~are~~ have

made salesmanship into a highly
productive technique seems incapable
of selling ourselves — that is
and we have the truth on our side —
The communists have such a hideous
record of inhumanity; we have set
a brilliant record of humanity —
even with our failures — & yet we've
failed to present this image —
at least so it seems.

When he was on stage would
used my exact ~~the~~ words of about
our inability to be Salesmen on a
Scale. (I've never before
Solved on a world scale later which
something a few days what has happened
perhaps describes what has happened
Our informational projects have
been more concerned with selling

The need of people of the world
has well ~~we~~ ^{of} Americans are; ~~the~~ wherever
this too is gotten across the result
is huge; the Russians, on the other
hand have captured for themselves
the role of champions of ^{our} the people's
struggles for self-realization. They have

put themselves psychologically on the
side of the ^{word} uprising against colonialism,
against backwardness, while we seem
to have captured the banner of
champions of our own well-being &
the status quo.

Be that as it may, Walick
& I had an interesting dinner. We
were joined around desert time by
Julius Kahn. I had been looking
forward to meeting him after the
controversial reports we had received
about him. He was immediately
unappealing to me. He smiled at
my open question and said "hm...mm"
& made some smooth answer none
of which I can remember. He proved
himself a brilliant pantheist, in full
control of his arguments. But as
we sat there, I was aware of
~~the direct~~ his false hair piece,
and his smooth smile and the
pale face. Earl has since criticized
me for expressing these opinions to

all our Democrat friends, - who went
april, of course, especially when he
did so well as a panelist. But
for my money he wasn't even
a good panelist, for the polished, professional
technique he came to more pronounced
than what he was saying.

The program went off quite
well, ~~at~~ I thought it was a bit
slow, but some people felt it
was the best program we had
ever had. ~~The~~ The 4 panelists
complemented one another rather than
conflicting with each other.

After the program we stood
about in the lobby, ^{chatting} deciding whether
or not to go to ^{the post for} ^{part} at
Jobbye O'Donnell's.

Earl & I were feeling tired. I was
trying to give Julius an excuse
not to go. " ~~For~~ You must be
exhausted, " I said to him, " making
two speeches in one day. Don't you
get very tense? "

"No," he said, "to be perfectly
frank, I don't."

"Oh," I said

so we went to the party, and
I am very glad we did, because it
gave me another chance to get ~~the~~
to know Elmo Roper. Our main
topic ^{concerning the program} conversation was the dignity
of man. He had ~~said~~ taken issue

with Wallich's statement that we
"had lost 600 million Chinese to commu-
nism." He went on to define what

he meant: the only peoples we can
consider as our friends & allies are
those who share our belief in the
dignity of man. An alliance with any

other people a nation who does not
live by his gods is ~~worthless~~ was a paper
alliance, ready to be broken at the
slightest expediency. ^{in the last analysis} The one common

denominator that distinguishes between
our friends & our enemies is not
a common religion, a common economic
or political system, a common language—

it is a common belief in the dignity
of man. Our nation who acts upon
this belief is bound to be our friend.
Our nation that does not act
upon this belief can never be our
friend. In that sense, he said, we
never did have the Chinese, because they
don't believe in the value of the
individual. He did refute himself
in a way when I asked him what
if history had been just a
little different. What would have
happened if Chiang-kai-shek had been
another sort of man. What if he
had carried out the reforms which
he promised + which had been the
basis of his rise to power. Would
Mao-tse-tung's communism then had
such an appeal? would not the
Chinese now be our friends? &
Chiang had been another man, the
interest for me of this "iffy" question
is that it casts doubt on the dignity
of man theory. ~~It had had a~~
to figure out with Roper what were
fascinating time trying

the conditions under which a belief in
the dignity of man flourishes. Is it
a question of population, of wealth, of
the spread of wealth. We found that
there were exceptions to prove every rule.
This led us to bring up
~~I brought up~~ something which always

baffles me. ~~That~~ ~~at least~~ ~~although~~ it is
~~true~~ ~~that~~ ~~at least~~ ~~there is~~ ~~a~~ ~~least~~
~~some~~ ~~nations~~ ~~show~~ ~~an~~

~~utter~~ ~~disregard~~ ~~for~~ ~~humanity~~ ~~+~~ ~~some~~
difference between ^{vain} nations' treatment of

* a human-being, it is also true that
people all over the world ~~have~~ share
basic ~~feelings~~ ~~about~~ ~~a~~ ~~human~~ ~~being~~. "Did you
~~feelings~~ ~~about~~ ~~a~~ ~~human~~ ~~being~~."

See "The Family of Man" exhibition at
the Museum of Modern Art?" I

asked Roper, "Did you feel your ^{emotional}

closeness with every human-being, no

matter what his culture; did you see

how a mother loves her child, a

husband loves his new bride, children

love to dance + play - all over the

world. And the instances of brutality -

taken individually, did you notice

how similar their were? : the bleeding

skin flesh of a negro, chained to a tree

the Nazi leading a Jewish family out
of a ghetto into a gas chamber -
a savage torturing a white man -
how different are these acts? What
I mean is that at in almost all
human-beings love someone + care
for someone + ~~would~~ protect +
cheer someone; so in that
sense ~~they~~ all human-beings are
aware of the dignity or the value
of ~~their fellow~~ a fellow-human being,
whether a whole people believe
in the dignity of man in general
rather than specifically is a matter
of degree of how ~~large~~ most wide
are their powers of identification. Some
~~nations~~ peoples have never generalized
their lines.

Of course we were no further.
Since we did not know how it happened
that some peoples generally their lines +
others don't. But we had a delightful time
it was then about two o'clock Elms
was still some sharp, we gathered

up Julius, who was also going sharp
and with many happy good-byes
to the rest of the party, we drove
home ~~through~~ through the quiet, snow
white roads. Julius went right to
his room after admiring the house
& Earl's work.

The next morning when I
took him to the train, he spoke
at length of the brilliance of Earl of
his extraordinary versatility and knowledge.
I agreed with all that.

Sat. Dec. 10

The Cowles live a life so much
their own that I could accurately
make a descriptive adjective of their
name - ^{and call it} the Cowlesian way of life.
It is stripped clean of ~~flourishes~~ ^{artificialities}
yet is artful to a high degree.
The home had some of the artfulness
of ~~the~~ a ~~club~~ Japanese house, where
simplicity is a result of knowing what
is needed, and The Cowles seemed
aware of their needs - and they planned

for these needs so skillfully that
there is an easy sense of order.
It is not one of those houses where
I feel everything has been played
to look a certain way. Rather, I
felt that the house had been
designed to accommodate the natural
inclinations of parents + children, like
a ~~road~~ road follows the contours
of the land, ~~and that~~ so that
there is a minimum of friction or
disorder.

It is although Bill designed the house
it is Ginny who ~~sets the house.~~
~~dominates it.~~

~~The first thing I noticed as I~~
~~entered the house was the difference~~
~~between the materials.~~ I felt her presence

as a heavy weight which I would
have to move towards if I wanted
to ~~move it~~. For if I wanted never
move toward me. ~~She wore~~
She wore blue jeans + checked
collar shirt. The ~~material~~ ^{padding} material of her

clothes was in sharp contrast to
the rich materials of her home. Her
hair was fine, brushed shortly off
her face - her body full-tipped &
small - crested; her face I remember
as smiling a quiet, understated smile.
Her response to my enthusiasm
was this quiet smile. She did not
use to meet my mood; in consequence
I toned my reactions down, turning them
inward so only the peaks showed,
like icebergs. Her gestures were
unhurried. They set the tempo.

After ~~we had~~ most of the afternoon
we spent, Diane, Ginnert & I, having
tea with Lake Champlain & looked beyond
the windows. Great trees were silhouetted
against the ^{hazy} pink water. The mountains
were a deep grey except for the peaks
which were gold & silver. The fire
reflected on the polished slate of the
~~room~~ gigantic hearth.

Gunny told us on a trip they

He just happens to want to do all
of it, and he gets very nervous if
he's away from it for more than
a few days.

"Don't you suppose part of
that pressure will go once he feels
established?" Diana asked.

"Yes, I think some of the pressure
will - but I don't think he'd ever
be happy traveling that long - and
I'm not sure I would - I'm afraid
that I think of foreign lands as
a place to go on a vacation -

but I know that my real adventure
is right here at home. You're looking
for your adventure in this trip."

Said to Ginny - "well I think
basically I'm more of an Emerson
type - there is so much adventure
to be had right from my immediate
surroundings - that I have no longing
to go away. My adventure is

new journal, for instance, with all those blank pages. I have no idea what I will have thought of by the time the journal is finished - and I find that very exciting -

"Yes ... like reading a novel" said Ginny.

"No ... not like reading a novel - like writing one - and that's a big difference. It's an exploration of the unknown - anyway, that's the kind of adventure. Another thing -

how long have you been married?

"Twelve years," Ginny answered

I said. "I think that makes a difference," "We've only been married only 4 years. The main need during those ~~the~~ beginning years is to establish your own relationships with each other & with your friends & your community and happy traveling ^{anywhere} unless I had a secure home base to return to. Didn't you feel that way?"

"Well ... I suppose so. ... but I
get tired of being in one place. I'd
like to go out to Arizona for a
few years and run a cattle ranch."

"Cattle ranch!" Diane and I
both reacted in some amazement.

"You mean you'd want to
leave all this and go through the
enormous job of setting up a cattle
ranch - & then leave that &
so on..."

"Yes - I would," said Ginny with
the sweet smile. "It seems like
such a waste to ~~be~~ - the winters
here - she stretched her arms to
embrace her home and the great
~~darkening~~^{darkening} ~~deepening~~ lake & mountains."

"It's so beautiful here, Ginny,
I wouldn't want to
~~leave it~~ ~~see~~ ~~if~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~mine.~~
leave it if it were mine."

"Oh, Barbara, you might think it
was beautiful ~~here~~ - but you'd never
be happy here," Diane said. "It's too

quiet - too far from New York - of course, you'd probably stir things up."

"No, I said, although it is too far from P.Y. for me - the main thing would be the people. If I had friends here, I believe I would be perfectly happy. The beauty is so compelling to me -

"But that's one main reason why I'd hate to leave Salisbury - because I do have friends + acquaintances there - the acquaintances are important to me. I feel this is a weakness -

but somehow I need to be liked + asked out by people who don't really mean anything to me as a friend. The ideal situation for me is to have a

^{this} home base - + then leave it when I want. But not to keep moving from base to base - never sending down roots. No - I wouldn't + in fact."

"I would." said Ginny. "I like making new friends + seeing new ways,

After you leave a place there are always
a few people who remain your friends -
they are the only ones you really
liked - anyway I don't need many friends
anyway. I have one or two
people I can talk to, that's all
I need."

During an conversation, the 8
children were playing exuberantly
in the plants wing - drifting over, and
then into an circle by the fire
for a court
then back again to their own
play. Little Nick, ^{about 6 yrs. old,} came over, his
hands jammed into his ^{his} pockets, tears
running down his wind-reddened face, his
cowboy hat askew. "My hands hurt"
he sobbed. "They're cold." He pulled
out his hands which were red & swollen.

"Why didn't you wear your gloves
Ginny said. "You have perfectly good
gloves. You ~~know~~ should know enough to
put them on, Nick. "He put. Go on over

to the fire, then "I'll warm up."
Vick put his hands back in
his pockets. The tears kept coming.

"Then, ^{husband} he said, "then ^{husband} ^{was} ^{separated} ^{from} ^{his} ^{mother} ^{by} ^{the} ^{tea} ^{table}, ^{across}
he ~~stood~~ ^{was} ~~next~~ ^{to} the tea table, across
the tea table. He stretched his hands

out to her. She looked him squarely
in the eye. "allright, give me your
hands - I'll warm them up." she said, &
smiled the sweet smile. He ~~went~~ &

sat ~~next~~ ^{close} to her on the couch - fading into
the background as our conversation continued.

After a while Evan, ^{age 4} appeared at the
threshold of the living room, meeping "I

can't find the dog." he wept
matter-of-factly - "can't find my
dog." "you dog?" said Ginny. "what's

that under your arm?"
"Evan stared at her a moment

then turned slowly to look.
"my dog." he said with
a smile. Ginny laughed delightedly. Evan

came trotting over to us. There was
one cookie left on the plate.

"Can I have the cookie?" he
asked. "Yes, you can have it."

Said Ginny. He picked it up, and
then seeing Nick, he said, "I give
Nick half because his hands are
cold." Evan broke the cookie in two

+ gave half to his brother.

Lisa Dewat was in ^{front}
her platinum hair hanging in ~~straight~~ ^{a mess}
like some children's form ~~it~~

her brown eyes big + bright. She
would whisper some thing to Diane
hop up on her lap ^{for a few moments} + then rush
off again.

I missed my children intensely. The
house was made for children + I feel
barren without mine, even for the one
day - children were part of this house
like color is of a Matisse painting
there was a unique combination of

warmer and discipline, of exuberance & control

Mon, January 2, 1956 - (see long excerpt in travel journal)

(idea of Zou's to write about later)

1) The Russians "new" economic ~~plans~~ ^{aid} must "go" into Asia & the Middle East is in imitation of our own policies such as the Marshall Plan, Point 4 etc. which have been successful, and in all likelihood ^{there} it will be a second-rate imitation since the Russians have not in the past kept their promises. ~~and~~ if ^{however} they really do come through, and if the standard of living does rise in those countries the Russian communists will suffer, as the people in the newly-developed countries will be more of a position to assert their own wishes to be free of all foreign domination or GRATITUDE Russian or Western. We should not give the Russians credit for bold new approaches when they are following our own lead. And is ~~not~~ ~~not~~ have not the Russians been forced down the path of economic rather than military control partly because of the success of our defense ^{own military} ^{economic program?} build-up. ~~as well as because~~ ^{as well as our} Shouldn't we be pleased that our position of strength has deterred the ^{over} military approach to domination & led towards the economic approach? Because, as ^{at least} (said) when the Russians

are planning on some economic aid, they are, in an over-all way - sowing the seeds of their own destruction.

I have told Earl that if he is as successful in his own work as he is in predicting the direction others' work will take, he will be a very successful analyst. ~~So, along with the analysis stated~~

~~above~~ Recently two long standing predictions of his are bearing ~~definite~~ ^{long standing} fruit. One is ~~a~~ has to do with the word "Conservative".

Earl has been saying for many years - even before Eisenhower was elected, that ~~the~~ American ~~was~~ people were going to reevaluate ~~the~~ ^{their} opinion of conservatism

and that ~~it~~ ^{the conservative way} would become a ~~bet~~ ^{leading way} ~~for an age.~~ He saw ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~popular~~ ~~radicalism~~ of the past

would lose its charm ~~was~~ more and more people had a stake in America, so more people had built something

which they wanted to see grow; rather than being in the state of mind where

they wanted to tear down structures which were blocking ^{out} their own sunshine. Earl realized that we were arriving at a point in

our history where ^{to} ~~construction~~ ^{people's needs} ~~conservative~~ would be
building, ~~constructing~~, ~~conserving~~ rather than
overthrowing and searching for a foothold.
He realized that since ~~the~~ ^{so} ~~many~~ old
forms had been broken and so many
splintered new forms had rushed in to
fill the gaps, ~~what would be~~
an ~~new~~ reorganization, a synthesis would
be the need of our age, not still more
^{so-called} new forms. He saw that ~~new~~ for
radical changes only have meaning
against a solid tradition. Once that
tradition has crumbled, change becomes
meaningless, and the ~~search~~ ^{struggle} is
to create the structure of a new tradition,
to synthesize the experience and the knowledge
of the splintered years.
and today we find in fact that
course the word conservative is rising
as a symbol, when only a few years
ago it was almost a slanderous
word. Both major political parties are
vying for the epithet of moderate;
or dynamic conservatism, as Eisenhower
calls it.

The most luxurious & expensive car put out by an American company, Ford's Lincoln Continental, is advertised in these few words - "the excitement of being conservative"

A ^{good} number of scholarly books have come out recently reinterpreting conservatism in the light of today, relating it up to our revolution, to our great presidents, to the power of our economic system.

X Another of Faul's visions that is being actualized is related to concerns the use of Art. It is related to conservatism ~~through its~~ in that it, too, is dependant on the rising standards of ^{happiness} ~~living~~ and leisure in this country. The idea is that Art is no longer limited to the ~~of~~ of arts, but will overflow into all phases of our daily life in ~~such a manner as to~~ ~~gradually extinguishing~~ ^{tending to obscure} the ^{old} boundaries between artist and artisan, between aesthetic & functional, between

the fine & the ornamental arts, & eventually
in a broad sense, between work and play.
~~We see this happening in countless ways~~
the artist & with the ~~disappearing~~ blurring
of these boundaries, the artist will be
ever less bound to his canvas or his clay.
He will become a master-designer with
the machine as his tool and the
"masses" as his audience or rather, as
his consumers.
We see this happening in countless
ways today. Picasso, Duff, Mino & others
are designing dress fabrics. ~~to be used in~~ ^{designing} ~~we~~
Frank Lloyd Wright is designing ~~we~~
fabrics, wall paper and furniture. There
is a new alignment growing between
the artist and the industry based on
the increasing public demand for good
design be it in their living room, their
kitchen, their clothes, ~~or their~~ ~~it~~ it is
becoming ~~more~~ apparent, now that most
people have a certain economic security, that
the goals of our age are towards finding
particular a satisfying & happy way of
life, rather than the dreams of glory &

Financial conquest of ^{the} Horatio Alger type. It is
a cliché of our time that "Success" is
not worth any price. The nervous
\$100,000.00 a year executive is a public
joke. ~~Just~~ Making ^{10^b} money is not an
~~end in itself~~. First of all, it's almost
impossible to build an empire from nothing.
Secondly, it's ~~only~~ ~~worth it if you enjoy~~
~~your life~~. Not worth the sacrifice of

an enjoyable life. ~~More~~ as the work
day shortens, ^{wages increase} play will become a major
consideration, and the art of living will
willy-nilly rather than the art of surviving
will willy-nilly gain in importance. ~~And~~
the artist will become ^{the} key figure
as the clergy was in the Middle
Ages when the art of living was the
art of preparing for another life.

We have made almost a complete
shift of balance ^{to day} ~~to~~ as ~~people~~ people begin
to take enjoyment in this life as
seriously as then one took enjoyment
in the next life.

what
what Earl asked me to write about
this morning was an essay on what
I think about his paintings. ~~The~~ show at
the Panoras Gallery opens tomorrow. We
have invited everyone of our own friends
& Daddy's friends we can think of.
↳ Pat Manney has sent ¹⁰⁶⁰ invitations.
~~to~~ ~~today~~ Earl has pointed out to me
that my rôle is not to underplay
the show as I have a tendency to
do. → this is business and the purpose of
the show is to sell the paintings.
He said that perhaps if I wrote
out my thoughts ^{on} the paintings
I would know better how to talk
about them.

I see the paintings in two ways:
as ~~to~~ rich squares of color + design
upon the wall and as expressions
of Earl's personality. I have enjoyed
living with the paintings, at this moment
I seem to ~~have a mental block about~~
not to have coherent thoughts about
the work as a whole. I keep thinking
of what I feel is a ^{retard.ing} ~~deficiency~~ in
~~Earl's personality~~ ~~derives~~ the development

of Earl's personality. He is not able to widen his heart to bring in the people he knows. He does not warm to them. Some resentment is hardening him, and he hides this hardness by calling everyone dull. He ~~does~~ is not able to make most people anything but dull. This is a lack of application. For some reason he is not applying his powers of ^{making} relationships to ordinary human intercourse. He does not get the ordinary amount of pleasure out of his contacts with people, he who can draw ^{up} ~~such~~ ~~de~~ such deep wells of happiness in other aspects of his personality. How this relates to his work, I do not know, yet, but I feel it does.

Thurs. Jan. 5

We ~~to~~ went down by train on the morning of the third. I had been restless all night, never more than half asleep. When ~~the~~ I finally opened my eyes after hearing the

claim, I saw Earl standing by the window, looking out. He pulled the curtain, and I saw the blue light of snow ~~before the sun~~ resting in ~~the~~ shadows of early morning. It was still falling in thick flakes. Earl swore and ~~with~~ rapid, mechanical gestures, he ~~took off his pajamas~~ dressed in his work clothes. "I'll be back," he said, and he went out to plow the drive way so that we could get out & Mary could get in.

I felt a secret relief that now ~~to~~ I could blame ^{people's} lack of attendance on the weather. I could ease myself of ~~my~~ feelings of loneliness and ~~my~~ fear. We have an unblemished record of failure ^{in terms of} professional acceptance of the work. Although I felt that people must love the ^{painting} work, I doubted that they would. I was nervous about the commercial aspect of an otherwise social occasion. I

don't know why, but I seem to lose
all my pride when I feel I am
supposed to be selling something
for money. Earl was extremely annoyed
with me when I mentioned after the
show that I thought Bill Cowles
had been interested in buying until
he saw the prices. "I think the prices are
too high."
"Well, God, when didn't you
tell me," Earl groaned.

"I thought you knew," I said.
"I thought he went over to talk to
you about it."

"Alright, alright, I'll do the
whole thing myself. You've no help. Nanni's
no help. I'll do everything myself."

"Don't be ridiculous, Earl. What
do you expect - you set the prices
high and then what am I supposed
to do. Inevitably the minute
somebody looks as if he might
possibly be interested in talking
about buying a painting Bill

didn't say anything ~~at~~ after he looked
at the price list ~~except~~ that he
liked 2 of them very much. ^{The yellow house + the ochre house} but that he didn't have
~~wanted one~~ any place for it in his ^{home} house. I told
him he had the place in ^{the living room} where the
^{case} Audubon bird picture is. He said he
was reserving that space for a
Wyeth.

" But nevertheless, I felt I had failed
Earl. Certainly if I had been clever,
I could have ~~but~~ ~~less~~ and have led
him into buying. I told Bill Earl would
The show went ~~about~~ as
we had expected. We arrived at
5:00. Cyclamen was hanging in the
window, a glowing, life radiance of
color a shining form from ^{out} the
stone grey of the buildings at his-
light. We climbed the narrow stairs
and turned ~~left~~ ^{left} at the landing into
the small, narrow gallery ~~to the~~ ~~spike~~
~~to~~ ~~spare~~. I was looking at the paintings
I had that odd feeling of seeing someone

whom I know in a intimate way,
to through the eyes of a stranger - they
looked ^{startling} beautiful to me. Manny + Dee
were standing behind the desk at the
far end of the gallery. On the desk
were a couple of bottles of Sherry

with stacks of tiny paper cups. Dee
^{had the same Fuchsia dress she had worn when she had not put on}
^{had come to our house. She had looked at her first.}
Bill Cowles was the first.

arrived. He came with his 9 year
old daughter Cedar, a charming, poised
child child whom I would take as
my own at a moment's notice.

Fresh lipstick for him.

"Thought we'd come early." said
Bill, looking around the room. He
and his daughter seemed from a
far lovelier world than Manny + Dee.
After about 15 minutes dinner

which I chatted with Cedar + Bill
~~watched~~ about looked at the paintings
Aunt Rose arrived. She looked ~~more~~
tired, like Dee, as if she had been
shopping all day. I felt embarrassed
that ^{Bill showed that} ^{no one} else was there but
my Aunt, ^{who looked good.} ~~was~~ Soon others started

arriving, the Riches, the Richardsons, the Loeb's
Roland + Betty Bollert, Jason Harney,
Chip + Bob Deleot Eva + Hank Louisa
Marshall, the Riches' parents
my brother with Tommy Taylor
a few odd-ball friends of Manny's and
that was it. I drank a lot of sweet
sherry. My aunt bought ~~the~~

for \$125.00. People
The Green Cyclamen leaves for \$125.00. People
Uncle Mickey said he liked some of the ones very much but
they were too big. He said he thought we'd sell much more if they were smaller
The Dashes + Nan had sent
congratulatory telegrams. People made more
enthusiastic comments
about the 3dim. slides
in the subject when they
saw a pair of p.p. app.

1 feet somewhat
a sinking dinner party, but which
I am trying to rescue. ~~we~~
were to go out to dinner with
the Richardsons, Marshall, Louisa + the Riches.
Our friends became hungry + hungry
but we had to stay on till the
end. as Paul was straightening out the

slides, Manny and I discussed prices.
"The prices are too high. If the
prices were attractive, I would post them,
but I wouldn't post these prices. People
will take one look at the price list
and they will walk off so fast that

I won't have a chance to bargain. They
wouldn't even want to discuss it at
those prices. You see, Mrs. Hubbard,
your husband's work is in a
special category, it doesn't appeal to
the average buyer, who wants something
sweet and lyrical. ~~Just~~ I know
many collectors, but I wouldn't call
one of them up and say 'I think
I've got something you'd like.' I can't
think of one ~~person~~ collector who would
buy your husband's paintings. You
see, Mrs. Hubbard, your husband's paintings
are very good, but they would stand
every other painting off in an ordinary
room. ~~They are bold & dynamic~~ Those
sharp, bold colors & shapes are not
for the average person. And the paintings
are still raw in a way.
"Do you mean, Mrs. Hubbard, that you
couldn't sell them no matter what the
price, if there are in such a special
category what good would covering

the price he?..

"I'm not sure that I could sell
any. ~~etc~~ but at least we'd have
a chance. with these prices I
could do nothing," and he glanced
down at ~~the~~ ^{price} the price list.

~~I think that~~ One of the disappointings
aspects of the Panoras show was that
we had not found a gallery owner
who had confidence in Earl's work +
knew how to push it. Manny had
been no help + probably never would be.
We increased the thought of taking
~~the~~ the paintings back to Lime Rock.
"I'll be damned if I'll keep them
all up again," said Earl. "You can
pick two or three + that's all, the
rest will have to go out to the
studio." It made me sad to think of those

glaring paintings stored away like
beautiful curios, ~~ripe but untouched~~
ready to be loved.
Yet I understood Earl's desire to
see his new work ~~on~~ upon my
walls.

The next day Earl called ~~me~~ ~~the~~

gallery + told Dee that she could lower all the prices \$100.00.

We left the gallery soon after the discussion and joined our friends met the Riches + the Louias down stairs. Hank had some into a delicatessen for a sandwich. We walked over to the French Shack on 55th St. to meet Marshall + the Richardson. Stanley took my arm and I liked him very much, feeling that of all the people there, he and Don were most strongly on our side in that they loved us for ourselves + knew us best. I told Stanley about Manny's view on the prices. Stanley said that he did not agree with Manny. "Lowering the prices isn't going to convince people who don't like the paintings to buy; + the higher price isn't going to stop some one who want the painting." I enjoyed hearing this, but I don't agree. For I do believe that as an ~~unknown~~ ^{artist} ~~it~~ ^{artist} ~~for~~ ^{artist} ~~the~~ ^{artist} position of obscurity people

will tend to like to buy the paintings if it
doesn't not cost them dearly.
We found Marshall, Sandy, & Seanne
at the bar. We decided to stay at
the French Shack for dinner since it was
so late. It was a good decision for
the dinner was excellent. I sat at the
far corner of the table with Sandy, Seanne
and Stanley. Sandy told me that ~~he~~
~~had~~ when he sees an art show like
this he just ^{likes} to ~~see these people~~
do a promotion
to ~~see these people~~
to sell paintings. "I told Manny,"
said Sandy, "that the gallery ~~people~~
wasn't going about selling paintings
the right way. "You gallery owners ought
to get together and convince the public
that they need paintings. Do a real
advertising job on it. Feature stories
about the fun of buying ~~purchase~~ of
spending a \$100.00 on a painting and
~~having~~ having enjoyment from it ~~the~~
for a life time as well as seeing
it grow in value."
"Of course, you're right, Sandy." I
said. "Look what the automobile people

have done, persuading people they need a new car or two each year. That's pure salesmanship. What did Manny say?

"Oh, he mumbled something about not being able to do it with painting. But he's wrong."

"I wish you were in the business, Sandy," I said.

I discussed this conversation with Earl later on. ~~He~~ He decided to write Sandy telling him that if Sandy would take it upon himself to try to sell the sculptures, Earl would give him a commission on whatever he could sell. I will be interested to hear Sandy's reply. We know he needs the money. We also know that he likes the sculptures. I feel sure he will try to do it. And ~~as far as it~~ salesmanship is Sandy's forte.

After dinner Marshall suggested we go up to his apartment for a drink. Marshall also had proffered a ~~twenty~~ ~~bill~~ bill.

dollar bill at check time, saying that he did not think that Barbara & Carl ought to pay for their own dinner.

The Richardson's & the Louias had to go home, so the Riches & we joined Marshall & proceeded in 2 cabs to his apartment. We were I was impressed by the

elegance of the apt building, with its marquee and elevator man. Marshall's

quarters were comfortable & nondescript, I felt at ease. Marshall went in the kitchen ^{to} ~~to~~ to get the drinks. I was amazed and

touched when he came back with 3 special bottles in boxes. As he pulled the bottles from their boxes, he told us what

each was, a 21 year old Scotch, an old brandy and a special bourbon. Scotch on the rocks.

I decided to have ~~it~~ ^{it} tasted better than any Scotch I have ever had before: Strong

at first and then miraculously the taste seemed to melt away, so light was the flavor.

"Marshall, this is really sweet of you," I said.

"I'm so glad to do it," he replied. "I've been wanting a chance to

use grip these out - but it had to be a special occasion."

The Riches left with us after an hour or so. They said they were going on. "We can't just go home - we get into New York so rarely."

A taxi stood waiting for us.

"What do you want to do - go with the Riches or go back to the hotel." I asked Earl.

"I don't want to make any decisions," he said.

"We'll go with the Riches & I can't dare to let you go," I said to them. We all got into the taxi together and Stanley ordered The Village Vanguard.

Earl sat in the jump seat, handsome in his old Scotch tweed cap, black watch scarf + dark coat.

He was not light hearted.

"I think we've all been too earnest," said Doris. We had, but Earl + I didn't feel there was

~~any time~~ ^{much} to celebrate about.

When we entered the Vanguard,
my heart did not leap with joy.
There were about 2 or 3 other
couples in the small, dim room.
It looked like 5 minutes before closing
on a ~~stage~~ slow night. The Riches had
brought us to see the floorshow,
But seeing the state of torpor, we
felt sure it was just ~~after~~ finishing.
For on the ~~stage~~ platform was a tall,
bald young man trying to make the
empty room laugh. The spotlight
showed the protruding vein on his
forehead which was glistening with
~~resp~~ perspiration. We were taken
prominently forward to fill one of
the empty tables near the platform
I began to laugh at his jokes
immediately, to fill the hollow room
for him. ~~I felt~~ Seeing him gave
me strength. I felt a kinship with
him as he was trying to ~~get something~~
make a cold audience love him. He
had to keep his own act going by
inner fires. He had to have a reservoir
of self-confidence to draw on or by

would have crumbled + fled ~~from the~~
~~stage~~, for he was receiving no
sustenance. But I was relieved when
he left for he was not amusing
+ my laughter was forced.

We were pleased + surprised
when the waiter told us the floor
show was not over. We ordered
Scotch + soda's all around. I was
watching a young ~~hood~~ girl in a red
dress ~~to~~ standing on the platform
talking to the ^{old colored} pianist. ~~Now~~ I heard
her say, "would you stay afterwards +
~~practice~~ so over that blue number
with me? It went so badly last time!"
The pianist said he would. <sup>It was already
about 1:30 A.M.</sup> Then he
rose from the piano, walked to the
microphone, and when the spotlight
shone, he announced that ~~Miss~~
~~would~~ the Village Vanguard was
proud to ~~at~~ present Miss --
Her figure was not good but she seemed
proud of it. She was slim + small-
breasted, ~~she~~ and wore no girdle

Or straight dress up lifting Crassiere. She made the look like a robe casually ~~wrapping~~

~~she~~ zipped on. ~~she~~ she stood flat black shoes and

squarish on ~~her~~ her face was round; held the mike. Her skin was smooth and her blond hair curled for a moment and her expression

stood ~~seriously~~ ~~for~~ ~~me~~ a River. Her ~~expression~~ ~~turned~~ serious as ~~a~~ sudden light came

~~she~~ flicked off. She sang, "Cry me a River" and the room was no longer

empty, no longer hollow to me. She had made the soup live as surely as a painter gives life to paint when he

puts it on canvas. ~~a certain way.~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~own~~ ~~powers~~ she had reversed

~~the~~ ~~situation~~ ~~between~~ ~~herself~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~audience.~~ ~~now~~ She was bestowing gifts

on me, rather than it being I ~~who~~ ~~wrote~~ was ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~doing~~ her the favor of

listening. ~~and~~ she gave me strength as she exerted her power by ~~her~~ ~~performance~~ ~~as~~ ~~she~~ ~~symbolized~~ ~~to~~ ~~me~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~ ~~needed~~ ~~to~~ ~~know~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~ ~~have~~ ~~only~~ ~~our~~ ~~own~~ ~~work~~ ~~to~~ ~~look~~ ~~to~~ ~~for~~ ~~our~~ ~~own~~ ~~salvation~~ ~~we~~ ~~don't~~ ~~have~~ ~~to~~ ~~worry~~ ~~about~~ ~~who~~

comes to the opening or who goes to
the show or what Manny Panoras
thinks - We have to think about
painting and writing, and eventually
we'll have an audience or we won't.
If that girl had thought about
her audience, if she had ^{reflected} ~~looked at~~
the empty tables + tired faces,
how would she have sung her
Cry Me a River?

* After the Vanguard the Riches took
us to a little place, also in the
Village, which they had come to for
years thinking it was a bar, ^{only}
~~to~~ a few months ago they took
a ~~certain~~ friend there who was amused
to point out that it was a brothel.
~~I am fascinated by prostitutes, we~~
sat down at a table. I saw two
girls sitting at the bar, each
drooped over a drink. One was drinking
milk. ^{from} ~~with~~ ^{straws} She had dark curly hair, a
neat figure, a pug-featured face. The
other was tall + equine, with long

hair - occasionally they would move together
or that, head to head, like school girls.
Then they would separate ~~to their~~ again. The
little ~~mother~~ one would even now & then go
over to the table and where four men
sat, lean over to talk with them,
and then ^{return} to her ^{perch} at
the bar. ^{she would look at the other girl + show her}
~~Directly at the~~ Our table ^{was}
directly at the bottom of a steep stair
case.

being loved as I looked at their backs -
being loved for ~~myself~~ but
Mon. Sun. 8 I imagine ~~not~~ being ~~loved~~ but for

myself, but only because of a place
can happen to have between your
legs. I imagine sitting there and offering
that warm place and having it
rushed down. ~~It's one thing to give~~

* I stared at them with some of the
Cascadian I have for Catholics &
American Communists; all three groups
are mysterious to me. I would have
liked to talk with them, the 2 prostitutes,
& Earl and I were exhausted. as

Doris talked on in her elaborating manner, our eyelids ~~stopped~~ grew heavy. I did not want to drink even another sip of Scotch. We said good night to the Riches and took a taxi back to the Gotham. We went to bed + to sleep.

I called Manny up on Saturday to ask him how things were going. ^{your architect bought the painting ~~over~~ for} well, ^{but} ~~the~~ husband, your husband is in a very special selling category. Very, very hard to sell. People think that his paintings need a special modern décor. They think the Paul's paintings would throw off all their other paintings.

"Have people been coming in the gallery?"

"Oh, yes, we've had quite a few people in."

"Were there any interesting comments?"

"Some good, yes. The other

artists seemed to like your husband's work better than the average person.

"Has any one asked to see the price list?"

"No," said Manny.

"Then it hasn't mattered much about lowering the prices?"

"No, it hasn't."

"How was the review in ArtNews?" I asked.

"Fair," he said. "Would you like me to read it to you?"

"Yes, please."

He read the paragraph which was an involved sentence saying nothing. I will quote it when we get our copy of the magazine.

"I doubt if anybody will ever get through that sentence," I said.

Manny ~~then~~ laughed. "Can Earl ~~come~~ ^{on Saturday} to pick up the ~~one~~ ⁵⁰⁰ paintings?"

"No, he can't come on Saturday."

"Well, then, can he come Monday."

morning between ~~10:00~~ ten and eleven.

Yes, he'll be there, Manny. Good-bye.

It ^{has been} almost a week now since

the show opened. I have been

harboring a vague and helpless
resentment since then, a resentment
which points first at Manny, then
at our friends, then at Earl and

usually comes back home to me. I
want the work to be accepted. It
is not. I find myself half-wishing

I never had anything to do with
the art world, and being bored when

Earl goes on in his indomitable
fashion talking about new developments

in his work and the possibilities
of art in an age, with all an
so-called brilliance, we seem unacceptable

to him on a serious level. I
have been feeling 'trapped' in

a smog of ineffectuality. The feeling
came to a head last night when Sachse
called from Washington. It was the
first time we had spoken with her
since she began her job with
Senator Case two weeks ago. She was
effervescent, bubbling with talk about
~~the~~ the work she does, ~~she handles~~ the
people she helps, the people who help
her, and the thrill of being in on something
she thinks is important. She is
excited by the people she meets and
proud of the work she ~~is~~ doing.
I was so happy for her. My happiness
was tinged with a certain nostalgia
for something that I had never had
and would have loved. I thought with
distaste about the first years in
Line Rock, spent in ~~the kitchen & the~~
messy housework and ^{daily} solitude, so
utterly unlike my dreams. I thought of
this small community, where it is rare
to meet a new face, and where
we have no friends ⁱⁿ whom we
are deeply interested, I thought of the AOT

world as I have known it - a studio
and paintings and ideas ^{isolated} ~~echoing~~

~~about~~ on 35 acres in ~~Line~~ Ro

~~at~~ White Hollow Rd. I lay on my
side in the bed, cold & sorry for myself.

* But I seem to have a quiet-in
defense against such flights into

self pity, a defense which grows
stranger as I grow older. I ^{thought} ~~seem~~ to

myself steadily, alright so you don't
like Line Rock and you think art

is going, what are you going to
do about it? Go ~~to~~ into politics? Leave

Paul & the children & go to Washington
looking for a job? It did not take us

long to stop this line of questioning.
For I do not want to do any of these

things. I want to work with what I
already have & love, to expand that to

include more. The thought is anything else

stuck me as ludicrous. I went to sleep. When I woke this morning, I wanted only one thing to be able to write about this depression & set it out in my system. I ~~feel~~ better now.

Tues. Jan. 9

early and I had not been fully aware that we lived amidst

~~stopping~~ We did not realize how sloppily we were living until we took a close look at our closet system. I had made out the smallest clearing around me: the rest was weeds.

Each of us had two or three ^{drawers} relatively ordered which ~~were~~ the vest

of the storage space was being consumed by unrelated, unneeded and often unusable articles, & stuffed there by me

at one time or another, I had always ^{been oppressed by} felt the lack of space in this house, especially after trips to Scarsdale. I had frequently made

token gestures at ~~clearing away~~ of
organization, but I had refused to
accept this relentless fact: if
^{the} system of organization ^{by} ~~my belongings~~
~~was~~ not thorough it ^{is} ~~was~~
worthless. If I did not find ~~an~~
assign an area to every category
of possessions, soon the unclassified
objects would begin to stray ~~over~~
~~into various other~~ ~~spaces~~ eventually
blocking the space assigned to the
classified things. So that within a
month or two my ~~se~~ pseudo-
closet ~~cleaning~~ ~~had lost~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~closet~~
had lost its design as a few
extra boxes crept in among the
vases, and the boxes of tissues
were put hastily on top of the
place mats, while the children's ~~clothes~~
were ~~sprinkled~~ ^{smeared} in 3 different places.
Under the guidance of Earl's ~~the~~ un-
bending logic, I spent a good deal of
the Christmas holidays in the closets

We conceived a system ~~of~~ ~~utter~~
~~sim~~ rigid yet flexible. Each room
holds its own things. No exceptions.
We are not a family of extravagant
tastes. We do not use, in our daily
lives, an inordinate number of things.
Where we do differ from people
with less money is ~~that~~ not that
we use more things but that when
we, or I, get tired of ~~some~~ using
something, I'm apt to put it aside
and buy something new. I ^{was} had not
however, ~~planned for this~~ ~~planned~~ for this turnover
so that the things I was currently
using were floating upon a sea
of things I would no longer use. I
am going to be relentless with myself
from now on. If I do not use
something I will either throw it out
or give it away, so that ~~they~~ I may
have full pleasure from what I do
use. What a satisfaction to open a
drawer and see 3 or 4 beautiful
cashmere sweaters neatly folded, rather

Seeing finding 20 sweaters, jammed together, ~~note~~ Enjoyment of material possessions is very much like enjoyment of anything else, a friend, a piece of music, a sunny day. If the friend is always surrounded by a crowd, if the music is heard outtop of other music, if the sunny day is one of a rainless summer, then ~~they~~ ^{do not} ~~are~~ ^{are not} ~~to~~ enjoy them. ~~is~~ ^{The proper} context is essential to ~~the~~ ^{any} pleasure enjoyment. ~~By~~ ^{the} the purpose behind ~~the~~ ^{our} organization of our possessions is to put them in a context where ~~they~~ ^{we} may ~~can~~ ^{be} enjoyed ~~to~~ ^{mean} ~~the~~ ^{to} fullest fully.

Wed. Jan. 10

When I read to Earl the passage where in which Father Hogan says to me, "there is a difference between pleasure and happiness" and I answer, "Yes, of course there is," Earl stopped me,

-What is the difference between pleasure
and happiness. " he asked ~~the~~ sharply.
"Why, that's obvious," I said. "Pleasure
comes from things like a good dinner,
or entertainment - something that's over
relatively quickly. Happiness is a
more permanent state of mind." But
as I was saying this, I realized
the point of Earl's question. "Of course,
it's certainly true that pleasure is
dependent on happiness. After all, I won't
enjoy a good dinner unless I am in
a happy frame of mind. In fact
I won't enjoy much of anything.
Pleasures are abundant ~~in the life of a~~
~~unless it flows from~~ ~~have achieved~~
~~person who has found a firm basis of~~
~~relationship of happiness if I am~~
happy. But let me lose sight for
a moment of my deep feelings of
happiness, and all pleasures dry
up like ~~the~~ water in a drought.
I should not have agreed so quickly
with Father Hogan, when I told him
that I was perfectly happy and ^{in belief} God had
it is possible to ~~experience~~ ~~plea~~ have

nothing to do with it, he implied that though my life might be filled with pleasures, I could not be happy. From my experience this situation is not possible. I am practically incapable of ^{pleasure} enjoyment when I am not ~~not~~ happy, and when I am feeling happy ~~a breath of fresh air can bring tears of joy merely to~~ waking up in the morning is a joyful pleasure.

The ~~two~~ truths of this statement has been borne out for me during the past few days. I have been depressed, unable, ~~so~~ for the moment, to see my life as a growing thing. All the pleasures which are ordinarily so dear to me become valueless: sitting at the piano is frustrating; reading is boring; meals are tasteless, ~~eat is eat~~ is ineffectual; my life is a dull affair. I know this won't

last, so I don't worry about it. But
if it did last, I think I would ~~know~~
find that pleasure + happiness are
Siamese twins ~~with one heart between~~
~~the two of them~~. If the heart stops
beating, they both die.

This discussion reminds me of my
reading in Karen Horney about the
neurotic personality. Once there is a
basic maladjustment in a person's
relationship with himself + with others,
it is ~~difficult~~ ~~impossible~~ almost impossible for him to
enjoy anything. Many neurotics come
to a psychiatrist ~~for help on a~~
~~symptom, which~~ ~~feeling that if~~
because they are not enjoying life.
The psychiatrist's approach to the
patient's need is not to try to show
them how to enjoy this or that
pleasure. Rather, the psychiatrist tries
to reach the fundamental distortion in
the personality and ~~deal with~~ straighten
that out, ~~by~~ knowing that enjoyment
of life will follow naturally once the

was melting myself into a very hot tub, I was saying to Suzanne + Stephanie

"I'm going to melt away; Mummy's going to melt right down to nothing."

Suzanne was immediately interested. "you getting smaller + smaller, Mummy?"

"you going to be a little girl like me?"

"well, Suzanne, I'd have to do a lot of melting to get to be a little girl like you, but this tub is very hot - and I'm melting very fast."

"If you little girl like me, then I'll have to find a new Mummy."

"I guess you would, Suzanne. How do you like to find a new Mummy?"

"Fine," said Suzanne. Stephanie had been listening to our conversation.

At this moment she stood up, her little study body all pink and ready for the tub.

"I won't let it," she said. "I won't let what, dear?" "I won't let you melt; I stop now, would you?"

"S." And she bent down and encircled me with ~~to~~ her arms, holding me tightly. "you not meeting any more?"

"Wm. Stephanie you've stopped it you've kept me from meeting."

She was still ~~holding~~ protecting me within the magic circle of her arms just to make sure. When we both finished our bath, I wrapped her in a towel and held her on my lap. She put her arms around my neck snugly + there we sat and ~~too~~ I did feel strangely protected by my two year old baby. ~~Planned by our ~~met~~ need for each~~

Friday Jan. 13

It amuses me how fast I come out of a depressed state once a pleasant social engagement is in the offing. Joan + Nicky King are coming tonight to spend the weekend. I am having friends

in for dinner Saturday + people in
for cocktails Sunday. I find myself
anxious to impress Joan with
the ease of my social life. At one
at this time embroiled in thoughts
of menus, serving dishes or ors discovered
also, another opinions Unlimited Program
is coming up and I am about to
write letters to some "leading industrialists"
Unfortunately, I did not get up early
this morning, so between menus,
opinions Unlimited, elections fixing the
radio, Stephanie, Helen washing the
floor in my room, telephones ^{articles waiting on} etc. ^{for the}
have lost a day's writing. This
weekend through Monday will be another
loss. I cannot afford to let this
happen. I must learn to ignore
fatigue + get up early no matter what.
For all the other things are evanescent;
only ^{the} writing lasts and how I would
like to have my ^{journal} ~~work~~ be the major part
of my working day, and how I would

like to have the journal represent me
to the world. always, after ^{some} prickles
like Earl's Show, I have a ^{strong yearning} ~~thirst~~
to be published, to reach out beyond
~~my~~ present ground to other places. I
would like very much to know if
my writing could bring people to me.
For I know how that ~~part of the~~
richness of human contact is no
~~x~~ less important than the richness of
private communion. I want both, &
it is ^{to} my writing that I look for
both. I have tested it well in the
realm of private communion — ^{but} never
in the realm of public communication,
why don't I go ahead and try for
publication? Because first of all, it would
take a great deal of time or thought to
compile excerpts from the bulk of my
writing. Secondly, it is nice to wonder
and not know whether people would be
interested. Thirdly, Earl does not favor it

and I do not want to disturb him especially since it would require such an effort.

This subject came up innocently enough while we were driving ^{down} ~~back~~ from New York to get the paintings I mentioned to Earl that what really stopped me from trying to be published was the effort involved. I asked him whether he still thought my work was not ready for publication. ^{in essence,} He said he did not think it was ready; that I was only beginning to develop a definite style and that I still looked to my writing to get me famous people.

I suddenly saw quite clearly that I could not, for one, rely on Earl's judgement, ~~in this matter~~ My style will always be developing. I could not agree that having other people read my writing would hamper the development any more than it hurt Earl to have people see two his paintings.

If I am a growing human-being, there will be no point at which I will feel my style ~~has~~ ^{to} ~~been~~ ^{be} thoroughly defined.

~~As far as the~~ For the first time I saw the fallacy in his second ~~argument~~ line of reasoning: that my writing would not ~~have~~ be meaningful & fully developed until I no longer so saw it as a means to meet famous people. ~~between~~ I am attracted to successful, active people: ^{I always have been} they ^{stimulate} add to my self-esteem, enjoy being with them and I am sorry that my friends include so few people whose career fascinates me. Since writing is the one thing I do well, I naturally ~~have~~ ^{hope} that it may help me reach out and find ^{more of} those people. ~~However~~ I do not write in order to make friends, but I

shall always hope that my writing
will bring me friends. If I ~~want~~^{have}
publication no longer wanting my
writing to bring the world to me, then
I may as well say I shall never
seek readers.

I had this to Earl and said
that I alone ~~would~~^{could} decide when I
wanted to try for publication, just
as he was the one to decide when
he was ready to exhibit his painting.

The discussion had gone along smoothly
up to this point. I somehow felt that
since he had had a show he would not
feel so strongly about me remaining
anonymous. I had forgotten the

intensity of our past discussions.
"I don't want you to be published
until I'm established. I'm the one in
this family who is going to be famous,
not you. Now I'm being candid."

"You sure are," I said.

"When you say you want famous men, you mean Daddy. If I didn't take this approach, you would lose respect for me. You ~~are~~^{want} a strong man, well, I'm in the position of being a strong man without any outward way of showing my strength. I can't afford to let you get ahead before I do. I take this position out of strength & consideration for you as well as for me."

"Strength!" I said. "I suppose you might call it strength to ~~expose~~ admit your weaknesses. But I do not respect you for your stand. I consider it a position of weakness to be coming to you. I think it is a very selfish thing you're doing - and I can't promise that I won't try to be published when the time

comes.

"I won't let you," Earl said.

"You won't let me! What would you do, fall into a temper tantrum? ~~cut off~~ cut off my kisses?"

"No, I would withdraw from you, you would lose me."

"Earl," I said, "I think it would be better to stop discussing this. After all, we've ~~talked~~ argued up about something that has not happened, we will face it when it necessary."

So we cut off our discussion abruptly. But I felt a new sense of freedom. For I knew now that Earl's opinions of my publishability were based not on his estimation of the work, but on the quality of his self-esteem. His self-esteem was more precious to me than any he would public acclaim. I would never purposely do anything to undermine his strength, for

It is true that if he were not strong
I would lose ^{his} ~~my~~ love, and without
that love, public acclaim would be
useless to say the least. I have
a feeling that all this will work
itself out quite nicely in the course
of time. After all, I know that Earl
loves me & needs me as I do
him, and would no more purposely
hurt me than I would him. How
foolish of me to push him to an
extreme where he must fight me,
* when every inclination of ours is toward
mutual protection. To win a point and
lose a love is no sensible victory.
But I do not need to confuse any
of this with whether or not I ^{could} ~~will~~ be
published, nor do I need rely on Earl's
judgment about whether or not I am
ready for publication. Those decisions will
be mine alone.

I am reading John O'Hara's 10 North
Frederick, ~~+ had been told that O'Hara~~
I believe that ~~it~~ to O'Hara sex is
^{an} obscene, ~~a~~ sinful act. ~~But~~ He reveals
the characters sexual life as if it were
all perversion. ~~It is natural to me that~~
most people have sexual inclination,
^{sexual} satisfactions, ~~&~~ dissatisfactions, sexual
wonderings and memories. Most people
don't talk about this phase of their
life, ~~because it is not the custom~~
 ~~to do so.~~ But it seems to me
that O'Hara takes the boyish point
of view that because people don't
talk about it, it's a nasty secret. He
reveals these secrets to his readers
like a peeping-Tom would, from the
outside. Like a peeping-Tom, his
pleasure is vicarious, not complete, hence

the interesting fact that although his
book is filled with sexual references
I found no ~~adequate~~ ~~adequate~~ adequate descriptions
of sexual fulfillment. I found no place
where I could identify myself with
some one's sexual pleasure or ^{even} displeasure.
O'Hara's sex ^{is} as lifeless as
a pornographic cartoon, wherein the
essence of the pleasure is ^{the} looking
not the doing. In reading his book
I find myself in the role of a
voyeur. Some one who is seeing something
hidden. I do ~~not~~ ~~not~~ ~~not~~ not lead
to identify ^{myself or} to sympathize with the
~~authors~~ characters in their sexual pursuits,
but rather to peek at them from behind
a bedroom curtain.

21st Jan. 19

I have finished 10 North Frederick

As I reread yesterday's remarks they seem wrong. O'Hana says he is doing something similar to what Carl thought he was doing in the center of the Universe: never going inside the character; only telling all one ^{person} ~~can~~ can ~~to~~ know of another, what he says and does, never what he thinks and feels. ^{Now} It is true that I ~~only~~ know others by ^{their} words & deeds, but it is also true that I know myself by my feelings. In the end, what I know of others is only what I have felt some time in myself. When I read that a man put his hand on a woman's breast, I feel it upon my own breast. ~~I do not~~ I know what the gesture means to me, ^{or might mean to me.} I think of it in sensual memories. ~~Not ever~~ I would ~~could~~ never write about ~~the~~ a character from the outside; I can only write about one person, and that is strictly from the

inside. When I say a man looks handsome what I am saying is ~~then~~ feel him as a man, ~~I feel him~~ like what I feel about him. So in no time I would have to be writing about myself in relation to the man, never just the man alone, just what he said and did, that would be meaningless, like the tree that falls in the forest soundlessly because no one hears it.

But ~~But~~ As the book progressed, I lost my sense of being the Peeping Tom and found myself filled with feelings of sympathy, not with the characters, but with O'Hara. He is the one who was hearing & seeing his characters and it is his evaluations, ~~that remain~~ the way he saw and heard, that remain with us now, rather than any of the characters themselves.

I believe that
for O'Hara, like me, the great quality
in a man is his ~~capabi~~ capacity
for love; the tragedy is when the
capacity for love ~~is~~ ^{lies} in a man
untouched, or when it becomes twisted
& turns to hate; the glory is
when the capacity for love in
a man is nurtured. ~~Most people~~

~~type~~ The tragedy and the glory
both involve a lot of sex. Sex
is the ^{man} way we get at love; it's
the way we look for love & often
the way we lose our love. Sexual
desire flares up like a beacon, like a
signal of ~~our~~ ^{the} need to love & be loved. ~~we~~

~~I feel happy. I am highly sensitive sexually -
I see myself & anyone who interests me~~

But if there is no love, the beacon burns
& dies, only to burst again in hope & longing
& then to die out again unless there is
love. I sense ^{that for} ~~the~~ O'Hara ^{set} is ~~the~~ significant

not only as ^{neural} ~~neural~~ excitement but
as ^{most people don't} a holy rite, ~~only some people~~
^{have not got} "religion" & others don't.

If you haven't got it, then the
holy rite is empty, is heartbreaking,
is habit, is sacrilegious, or whatever
but no longer holy.

+ that sex is so often, promiscuous
or dull, is a tragedy for it signifies
that ^{the search for love has somehow failed}
~~there is no love~~. I do believe

that O'Hara feels that love is
rare, and ^{that therefore} sex is $\frac{9}{10}$ promiscuity &
boredom.

But since finishing the book
I have reached a diametrically opposite
opinion about what O'Hara's attitude
towards sex is. At first I wrote
that he treated all sex as obscene
& perverse. Now I believe that he
sees unsatisfactory sex relations as

the common, tragic symbol of the failure
to love. ^{an} Unhappy sexual life is perverse,
in a way, although it is common, it
is not normal; it is not man functioning
the way he was designed to function.

Reading about
The slow disintegration of Joseph
Benjamin Chapin was like watching
a beautiful plant ~~at~~ wither from lack
of sunlight. The process was slow
until ^{as a middle-aged man} he ~~had~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ affair fell in
love with young Kate Drummond, it
was as if suddenly, the dying plant
saw the sunlight and stiffened with
delight, only to see ~~it~~ ^{the sun} pass behind
a cloud. Then the plant collapsed.
Joe Chapin, after ^{collapsed} ~~the~~ ~~brief~~ coming to
life for the brief ~~time~~ moment of love
with Kate, once he had had that
he knew that his ~~life~~ ^{capacity} for
love had hardly been touched before
and that now his chances were gone
forever. He began to drink, finally

Killing himself with alcohol.
He was only putting the final
touch ~~on~~ on a process of destruction
that had begun a long time ago

Sat. Jan. 21

Last night Don Hewat drove me
to Hartford to the Salute to Eisenhower
Dinner. ~~Earl had not wanted me to
go, but I decided I would go.~~
~~wanted to anyway.~~
The Hewats had been given free
tickets. Diane did not want to go,
so she asked me if I would take
her place. ^{we had decided not to go because of the expense}
^{\$100 a plate or also because Earl said he did not enjoy the}
^{of}
^{of}
I told her I would let her
know. I mentioned it to Earl. "No,"
he said, "I don't want you to go."
I don't like the idea of your going
off to dinners without me."
"But I'd enjoy it, darling. I'm curious
to know what one of those dinners would
be like." We left it at that. The next
day, after telling Earl of my decision,

I called Diane and told her that I would go with ~~Diane~~ ^{Don}. Earl made no further mention of it except to suggest that it might be more ~~comfortable~~ convenient if I spent ~~the~~ night at the Hewab. I knew he was angry with me for going, but I was nevertheless looking forward to the evening.

Don and I arrived at the Stalter in time to catch the end of John also's cocktail party. Don stood in line to check our coats. I peered into the smoky, buzzing room. Men & women stood in ~~groups~~ ~~packed into~~ clusters which merged and dispersed ~~to the~~ ~~rather~~ ~~voices~~ ~~and~~ ~~at~~ ~~it~~ in conversational rhythms. ~~Some~~ ~~of~~ people ~~that~~ talking to one another put their heads together to be heard above the mingled voices of ~~2~~ 100's of people together in one room. The men

~~were~~ youthful and were ^{generally} well-formed,
tall, clean shaven with ~~fresh~~ the
freshness of white collars & cuffs
setting off ~~good~~ completions. ~~their~~
~~healthy~~ completions. their faces. Their
suits were dark & well tailored.

I wished I knew them. I kept coming
back to wait in line with Don, only
to return to the doorway for a
another peek. ~~when~~
When we finally entered the
room, we went to the bar for a
drink. A man standing there put his
hand on Don's arm. "Now - I ~~to~~ ^{for} 50
one and am going to be glad to
see McBrinnus go, I left Norwalk on
the 3:55, and I just arrived." He
looked at his watch. It was about 6:30.
He walked away into the crowd.

we walked towards the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ center
clusters of people at the center of
the room. Don found John Alsop
and introduced us. He looked like Bill
Holden, young and handsome in his
beautifully cut tails. We said hello
to his wife Gussie, a very pretty
well-bred ^{looking} blonde. "There
~~is~~ are the Gasain's
said Don, leading me toward them.
He introduced us. I remembered that
Diane had said that Jamie Gasain
was enormously wealthy. At school
she had been called simply "nugget".
She had the air of a healthy boarder
school girl, with ruddy complexion,
clear green eyes and an easy
smile. Her husband, Andy, was
small and compact. We discussed their
Breur house, a luxurious structure that
they are having built at the moment.
Standing tall behind Andy I saw

Senator Prescott Bush, his rugged
Lincolnesque face beaming down upon
the circle around him, I remember
that the Olson's knew him - I wish
that I had met him at their
house so that I could easily
speak to him now.

Don moved me on to say
hello to Sen. Ryan & his wife Ruthie.
Ryan was looking over our shoulders,
watching the small figure of Sherman
Adams, who had just arrived. "Come
on, Ruthie," he said, "let's go and ^{meet} ~~say~~
Sherman Adams."

"Oh, it won't do any good."
She said, "I've met so many of
them before." She smiled at me. I
wondered what this ~~fact~~ ^{remark} revealed.
"Let's say hello to Senator Bush,"

said Don. "No - you go on, Don. It
embarrasses me." At that moment
Bush was standing alone, a ~~bare~~^{bare}
rock before the next swelling
wave of people swirled about him,
covering him from my view.
Don pushed me towards him so
that I literally landed in his arms.
He automatically shook my hand.

"Hello, Senator," I shouted. "You had
a long talk with my husband on the
telephone about opinions Unlimited."
He looked blank. "You probably don't
remember," I repeated. "Yes, I do, ~~you~~
what was it about?"

"About getting a speaker for the
Cluster Bowles program."

His face brightened. "Oh, yes,
of course I remember. Yes, we had a
long conversation. He must have spent
five dollars on that phone bill. Yes,
a brilliant young man. Of course, yes!"

when you said your husband I didn't
know who did you finally get? I told him.
Yes, sure from my regards,
Give him my best. "

I went on to discuss at the
top of my voice our next program
asking his advice about a speaker. He
recommended Herman Stienhaus. I thanked
him & ~~said~~ shook his hand good-bye,
wishing I knew him better.

Soon after that we left the
party to go down to the enormous dining room.
A small ~~band~~ ← orchestra filled the
room with bouncy music. I wanted
to dance, to talk with everyone, to put
my arm around people's shoulders
as we discussed something.

Don We found our table, number
63, way up towards the front, pink
grapefruits with a cherry in each center

circled the tables like a weather.
Light > shone upon the great
table on the dias. Waitresses dashed
to and fro. Don + I sat down, &
were soon joined by our friends
from Salisbury, Don Warner sat down
quickly at my side, George Quaille,
next to him. Then came Sam &
Dane Harris, Mr. Burke of Deep Lake
Farm, ^{Robin Leech} and beautiful Jake Rand, his
princely face well-framed by dark hair
which came down his cheeks in the lines
of sideburns.

We had a delicious dinner. When
it was finished John also arose,
shouted for quiet, made introductions
along the long table & then presented
~~Small~~ Sherman Adams. "Such a grand
voice from so small a man." I thought
as he spoke resonantly & with conviction
of the Eisenhower administration.

Then followed some entertainment
to fill the gap before
~~we were all waiting for the~~

gigantic television screen ~~was~~ lowered
from the ceiling. At 10:00 the lights
were dimmed. The screen came

silently slowly down. A picture of
Eisenhower flashed on. People
cheered and ~~shouted~~ ^{clapped} + whistled +

waved. Leonard Hall's face appeared
to tell us Republicans gathered at

dinners all over the country ~~that~~
at Eisenhower dinners that we were
going for a magic carpet ride.

and we did. From Los Angeles to

~~a~~ Boston, from Iowa to the

~~start~~ a darkened candle lit room
in Chicago holding 15,000 to the

Madison Square Garden where 15,000

~~the~~ were gathered, over the country

we went, in each place we heard

an individual express a personal tribute
to the President from the love like

to me need you like + back again,
as the emotion rose, as the
numbers of cheering faces swelled,
the tension mounted to know ~~what~~
~~Eisenhower~~ ^{Eisenhower's} was
his face reflecting the ^{triumph}
~~of~~ ~~100,000~~ hundreds or thousands
Suddenly, we were back in Washington.

The President of the United States
Dwight David Eisenhower, ^{some} ~~and~~
one announced. There he stood.

The cheers from Washington mingled
with the cheers from our room
in Hartford, - the cheers grew to shouts
+ ~~and~~ ^{and} a wild stampede of voices
~~and~~ ^{and} calling to Ike, "How can
he give this up? How can he."

I said to Robin who had a few ~~men-~~
moments before had said he would not
run. "He can't, Oh he can't give
it up." Robin whispered tensely.

The President's face was alive
with emotion. He was close to tears. So
was I. He said it was dangerous for him

to say anything more than thank you.
His voice was tremulous, but soon
it firmed and deepened taking on
strength & resolution. He jerked the
tribute from himself, from the Republicans
watching on ^{the} closed circuit television,
back to the millions of people in
their homes. ~~It was~~ The tribute
was theirs, for making the
Republican party what it is; the
responsibility was theirs for keeping
it the kind of party they want. ~~Eisenhower's~~
~~genius is,~~ ~~to~~ instead of ~~receiving~~ ^{accepting}
the adulation ~~and thereby relieving~~
~~Republicans of~~ their as a personal
tribute, he returned it to the people who
elected him, ^{telling} ~~letting~~ them know that
the security & the prosperity of the
nation was theirs to maintain & to
develop. The effect was to free me the
sense my rôle, however small, in

this nation, rather than the ^{feeling} ~~sense~~ that
~~his~~ ~~role~~ ~~was~~ he provided the essential
strength. I believe it is part of Eisenhower's
genius to bring out the strength
in those he leads.

a few moments before the speech
was finished, his image disappeared
from the television screen. a candy bar
flashed on, followed by a picture
of a ragged mother and child. The
lights went up in the grand ballroom
of the Hotel Statler. We looked at
each other or at the blank, white
screen as we listened to the end
of the speech.

Don and I left immediately
after. as we were pushing open the
heavy door he said he supposed that
the best part of the evening was
still to come, it was she related
meeting ~~after~~ now that would be

most fun. That was exactly what I
felt. I looked up at Don, who had
put on a peaked ^{blue} worker's cap, and
thought that there was little chance
that he would find himself at the
inner circles of political soirees. Nor would
I be likely to be there, I thought, for
although Earl would be perfectly capable
of being a dominant influence in
politics, ~~he~~ he does not care to
be so, at least not directly by being
there in the small, warm rooms with
other men + women.

Don and I drove back, telling
one another about our family background.
Don came from a mill town outside
of North Adams, Massachusetts. ~~that~~
was his family's mill - "rather it
was my uncle's," said Don, "my
father was only a drone. Everybody

else in the town worked in the mills.
All the children I played with were
as my mother called them, "little
millars". Then I was sent away
to prep school?"

"Where was that, Don?"

"Tabor. Well, I was out of
my league. The ^{other} boys arrived in
yachts and airplanes & limousines. I
was on a working scholarship.
That meant I rang bells - but
~~anyway~~ I like to think of myself
working my way through school
ringing bells." I laughed. "Anyway
I was way out of my league. I
didn't know how to act. Although
my family had owned the mills, we
were not at all wealthy by outside
standards. In fact it was often hard
going. I didn't make any place for
myself at Tabor. Then I went to South

Vient. I fit in much better there. But
then I went to R.P.I. I was out
of my league again. I didn't want
to be an engineer. Then I ^{joined} went into
the Navy and then I went to Williams
where I had time to think about
things. Then I married Diane. That
was way out of my league again.

I enjoyed the conversation with
Don. It was the first time we
had ever talked in a sustained manner.
His descriptions of his past life
explained the sensitivity to sexual
distinctions and his two fold desire,
to be accepted among his betters, while at
the same time denying with fervor
that there is such a thing as one
~~social~~ person being socially above
another. He said it
that people should call him Mr.
Hewitt just because he was a big

house, while he calls them by their first name because they have small houses. We discussed at length the complexities of what to call people.

~~Then~~ The Hewat's nurse, Ann, who was Don's nurse, calls ^{him} "Don" + Diane "Mrs. Hewat." "What ^{should} ~~do~~ Ann's children call us?" ~~The child~~

Had about Uncle Don + Aunt Diane. Don burst out laughing. "They're a good deal older than we are - I can just see it - Uncle Don."

We both laughed. I could see that actually it was awkward. Should Ann's children call Diane Diane while Ann calls her Mrs. Hewat? Should they call Don Mr. Hewat or Don?

It just points out, Don, that ^{this} ~~our~~ country is undergoing a great change in the structure of manners. Our parents wouldn't have worried about this problem

When we pulled into my driveway, I felt that I had for the first time established contact with Don as an individual rather than simply as Dravel's husband. I felt kindly towards him, but not attracted by the quality of his personality or intelligence.

He walked me up the path and waited ~~to see that I would get in~~ as I walked down ~~the~~ ^{the} sun deck to our bed door to see that I would get in. The door opened.

"Good night, Don," I called to him.

"Thanks so much."

Earl had left the bathroom light on for me. He did not stir as I came in. I went directly over to him and sitting on the edge of the bed, I kissed him. Only a faint response. "Hello, darling." He opened one eye with a great display of effort, closed it, said hello, ~~and~~ ^{and} turned as if to go back to sleep again.

"We all missed you," I said. "I had

a talk with Senator Bush about you.
He remembered your conversation - called
you a brilliant young man. ~~to~~

No response.

Don Walker talked for half
an hour about how you ought to
go into politics, how we should all
try to persuade you.

No response.

I decided to get undressed - I was
not the least bit tired, but I wanted
to tell Earl about the evening, but
I knew he was punishing me for
having gone without him.

I put on the beautiful fuchsia
night gown he had given me for
Christmas. I straightened up the dressing
table, putting away powder puff - ~~and~~
upsticks, & bobby pins. I watered my
little plants. I cleansed my face with frog
cream and lotion and brushed my hair.
Earl was still silent & ~~unmoved~~ still.

I went in to check the children. Stephanie
drew herself up into a wobbly sitting
position, her eyes squinting to keep
out the sudden light. "Hello, Stephanie,"
I said. She held out her arms to me.
I got into ^{her} bed, ~~and~~ ^{she} slipped ^{me} ^{down} ^{to}
next to ~~her~~, falling off to sleep. Her
silky hair resting softly on my
arm. I began to feel very sleepy. I was
tempted to close my eyes and drift
off - But I knew that for all
his stoniness, Earl was not asleep and
would be waiting for me to come
to bed, even though he would not
show it. I got out of Stephanie's warm
bed, and ^{returning to an} ^{room,} ^I ^{turned} ^{the} ^{lights} ^{off} ^{and} ^{got}
into my side of the bed, which Earl had
burned down for me. He remained
motionless, lying on his side with his
back to me. I moved over to him
and curved myself against the contours

of his body. His hand patted mine. Finally
he turned on his back and stretched
out his arm to put it around me. His
touch was lifeless; his body unresponsive
and cold. I thought with horror of
lying in a dead man's arms. I began
to whisper to him about the evening,
telling him about the party, the dinner
the speeches. He listened as it is unavoidable
to listen to some one lying close to you.
Suddenly then he began to speak about
what was on his mind. "You left your
journal in my lap when you ~~left~~^{went}, and
I read the part about your feeling free from me or something
published, I want you to know that
I am not standing in your way any
way. You can be published any time you
want. You can't use any of the parts
about me, because I value my private life
and I think I have the right to
that. But I suddenly saw that you
were regarding me as some sort of

father-image, same dad in your path ~~had~~
was blocking your way. Well, I'm
removing myself. You're free to do
what ever you like. But as far as you
going out without me, I don't like
it. I don't want to be left alone
here while you sit with another
man.

"Oh, Earl, don't visit another man? ~~you~~
didn't want to go to the dinner I did -
I don't see why I should deprive myself
of these things because you don't like
them.

"I want you to be left alone. See
~~you~~ ^{now} you like it. It's always me. Well
I'm going to see to it that ~~you're~~ ^{you're}
here alone at night. I don't want
to be told how I was missed, ~~while~~
I've been sitting here alone the
whole night."

"Well, I did miss you, and I can't
help that," I said

"As far as being published goes. Yours

right. It should be my decision. And
what I wrote about feeling free of
your advice is true. I do realize that
of what you said about my being
published had nothing to do with
what you thought about the writing
itself and everything to do with your
own self-confidence. I've simply separated
the two things. That doesn't mean
that I think I ought to be published,
but it does mean that I'm going to
make my own decision.

We lay quietly for a while.
"Goodnight," I said and returned

to my side of the bed.
"Goodnight," said Earl & blew me
two kisses. I returned them without zest.

The silence was ~~loud~~ loud as we
both listened to it.

After about five minutes Earl
got leaned over and kissed me on the cheek

"Am I being mean to you? Are
you unhappy?" he asked gently.

I went quickly into his arms.

"No, darling, it's just that I feel persecuted + sort of helpless. I don't know how to defend myself. I don't want to have to depend myself from you. You're angry with me for things that I can't help, like wanting to see lots of people at dinners + wanting to be published and have somebody read what I write. I've been writing all my life + nobody but you has ever read it. But I can tell you this. Nothing is as important to me as you. I wouldn't dream of getting published now, even if I could. It simply doesn't mean anything to me compared with our love. I'm so happy with you - you've given me so much. Being published is nothing. There will be plenty of time for that."

"I want to give you these things

that you want. I feel terrible when I think that maybe I'm holding you down, keeping you from things that you ought to have.

"Yes," I said, "you're right. You see before you ~~the~~ a miserable shell of a woman — always unhappy. Have you noticed that I'm always unhappy, moping about the house?"

Paul laughed softly and held me closely.

"I feel like ~~some~~ a monster, sometimes," he said.

"You are a monster. But didn't you know that women like monsters? Always have. You're an awful monster." and I kissed him. He kissed me back and I felt his body coming to life. The pressure of his arms was a communicating pressure rather than mere weight.

"It was so lonely here without you," he said. Zipper kept whimpering.

Stephanie woke up, sobbing, calling for you. When you go, everything falls apart.

"I won't go again, darling. I don't even want to go anywhere without you. I love you, Earl."

He ~~was~~ murmured as he took me. "I've never loved any ^{woman} but you."

Wednesday, Jan. 25

✗ Suzanne makes images from her immediate experience. She seems to think naturally in metaphor. One morning as we were driving to school, she looked up at the sky and said "The sky looks like melting ice." The description was persuasive to me. I visualized the ~~cold~~ ^{smooth} watery, quality of ice melting on Marshall's pond. The sky did look like that melting ice. We went for a walk during ^{last} Monday's snow storm, we took

slide & cided down spores on
the Saucer. ~~and slide~~ The snow was
very light & dry. When ~~we~~ our
Saucer stopped spinning, it would
burrow ^{deep} into snow, covering us. We
walked up the path leading to the
top of our property. There we saw the
little fir trees carrier had planted. They
do not stand much higher than
Suzanne does. "Do you want to shake
one, Suzanne?"

Suzanne said. "Yes, I do, please." she
said. I showed her how to grasp
the slim trunk, ~~and shake~~. I gave
a good shake. "Mummy, it looks
to me like a waterfall," she said.

~~and~~ it did. The fine shower
of snow was like nothing so much
as the ^{water} spray ~~←~~ water of a falls.

Suzanne ~~seems to have~~ ~~the~~ ~~instinctive~~
understanding that her visualizations
are hers and not necessarily ^{any one else's} ~~anyone's~~.
she ~~says~~ frequently qualifies a
~~new~~ description ^{with}, "it looks to me like
a waterfall"

She indicates to me the close relationship
between poetry and accuracy. She
observes ^{so} carefully, that when she says
one thing looks like another, it
does, literally. The act of imagination,
or the making of the image consists
of seeing actual similarities between
two different situations. Nothing has
been made up or "imagined"; she
was simply making an accurate
statement. The effect on me was,
however, poetical. I liked the description
and found ~~it~~ ~~very~~ pleasure ~~in~~ ~~noticing~~
remembering in how many ways
the melting ice on Marshall's
pond ~~is~~ ^{was} like the sky that morning
the damp chill that seemed to emanate
from both sky & lake, the porcelain
smoothness, the pale grey and pink
clouds shimmering on both surfaces, the
look of watercolor ~~used~~ ~~the~~ blending

melts up transparently into the ~~train~~ paper.

Then with her comparison of the snow-spray with a waterfall evoked in me many memories of similarities. The coldness of a waterfall even in the midst of summer, the way the solid ~~form~~ shape of falling water is smashed when it hits the ground or a ledge and ^{into} becomes a spray of minute water particles, like the fine flakes of snow showering down from the solid ^{white} cushions of snow upon the fir tree; the way sunlight ^{is reflected} looks ~~looks~~ ^{from} ~~from~~ a shower of snow or a spray of water; my desire to feel both the water & the snow upon my hands, to catch part of it, knowing it is impossible to catch a spray of water or a shower of snow, but still wanting to.

I do not wish to use ~~Suzanne~~ to make these metaphors. I like them

to remain the simple observations
they are. But I do look forward
to her next.

Friday, Jan-27

"I love a cozy day like this
with the girls," I said to Earl as
we sipped our coffee by the
fire. "It's so satisfying. They seem
to thrive on it like new plants
in the sunlight."

"Did you have a cozy day
with the girls, darling?" he smiled
at me. We were sitting there, waiting
for it to be bed time. When we
finally, leisurely climbed into bed & pulled
the covers up. Earl said, "Whatever
I've been doing all day has been
worth it to get me tired enough to

enjoy this."

I felt the same way, and mused
upon this blissful experience of falling
to sleep. There is a tremendous appeal
to oblivion when one is not afraid +
tired.

Saturday, January 28
/ / / - - - - / / / /

Earl has had a cold the past two weeks. He has spent the time
reading Panmure's The Colonial
Mind + John Locke's On Civil Government.
In this study he shows ~~his~~ his typical
interests in the fundamentals. He grasps
hold of one such fundamental as for
example Locke's statement that government
is made for the convenience of those
governed. If it is not convenient, ^{for the men} it is
not good government and should be
changed. Earl tests the statement, applying
it to different ~~some~~ forms of government

X
Then he relates this ~~to~~ to the idea
that a ^{particular} form of government ~~has~~ has
its ^{as is} bases, the structure of a family.

In a democracy such as ours, which
is rooted in ~~the~~ Lockian idea of
conscience for the majority, the
family structure is also based on
the conscience of the majority rather
than of the matriarch or patriarch
as has been the case in ~~other~~
totalitarian ~~governments~~ societies -

Then he goes on to relate his
~~work~~ painting and sculpture to ~~the~~ ^{his}
home which is built ^{in the same} ~~upon the~~
structure as is our government. Since
~~the~~ democracy grows out of ^{the democratic} ~~the~~ structure
of family life, anything that influences
the structure of family life, ^{essentially} influences
sculpture ^{in painting} will influence family life since

he sees his work for the Home. So, once
his ~~plan~~ work finds its place in people's
home, it will be influencing government.

Thus Earl creates his own little
cosmology, which revolves around his
work. U

It is something of a joke between
us that I am unable to conceive of
Earl's work in such broad + celestial
terms. ^{when} Earl ~~that~~ speaks ^{brilliantly} of government,

I think he should go into politics;
when he talks about the future
of business, I think he should be with
Louis Marx & Co.; when he talks of law,

I see him a lawyer. Earl, on the other
hand, is deeply convinced that he has
chosen the central work, and that

his influence will radiate out over vast
areas from the central point of his

art. Of it was I who wrote that
as the art of living gains in importance over the art of survival,
"the artist will become the key figure
as the clergy was in the Middle Ages, when
the art of living was the art of preparing
for another life." although I may

* understand this in general, when it
comes to one, specific Earl Hubbard,
I lose hold of the general idea, and
see one lone artist out in ~~his~~
one lone studio cutting out paper
and metal. It is of course the
glory of mankind that such private
acts ^{as these} have had ~~such~~ public influence
a personal effect on millions.

It is one of the qualities I love
most dearly in Earl, his huge
embrace, his giant's grasp upon
the world. whatever happens in
~~the~~ tangible effects is another matter.

But ~~this~~ ~~work~~ he ~~puts~~ ^{sees} himself
in a world context ~~just~~ as naturally
as I see myself in the context of
my friends and my family. And he
projects his effect into the unlimited
future, just as I see my effect in

terms of today and tomorrow.

Mon. Jan. 30

I have had dreams for two nights now about myself & an older, famous man. First John O'Hara, then last night, John Steinbeck. Last night I was again a young girl. I had fallen ~~to~~ irresistibly in love with Steinbeck, but he was married. I knew it was impossible to have him. I envied his wife terribly because she had a claim on him. ~~but~~ I wrote about Steinbeck for literary magazines. I remember in the dream being shocked by the passionate unbecoming in these supposedly literary stories about Steinbeck. How can I have met him - now since he had been to me ~~that~~ ^{was devoted} ~~to~~ ^{in the} ~~wonderful~~ ^{order} they print it? I remember ~~about~~ ^{the} writing. Suddenly detached then, at some point in the dream, there was a fierce & ~~scary~~ ^{horrifying} fight between @

giant seal that came out of the water and the animals of the earth, particularly Daddy's now long deceased dog English Bull Dog, Butcher.

Butcher was curious. He went sniffing down the steep slope towards the ~~water~~ bank where the snorting seal was.

Then ~~seal~~ ~~came~~ charged Butch, slithering towards him + Gasking

that ^{was} hollow bark of a seal. Butch

tried to scramble up the hill. The seal followed. Then I remember seeing

on faces, mine + Earl's and others, which had been peeping out from the brush, withdraw as the ~~chase~~ Butch

+ the seal headed towards us. Then I remember seeing Butch so

through ~~in~~ convulsions. He showed no

injury, although he was obviously from his fight with the seal.

The Seal went back down the slope
to the water. Suzanne & Stephanie
kept trying to go down & I had a
frantic time holding them in safety.

I will have to wait for Earl
to get an interpretation of the dreams
I do feel that both of them have
to do with two situations: the recent
warmth of my father, which probably
has awakened in the memories of

his care & attention when I was little
I am a young girl - about 15 or 16 in the dreams
I have resented the loss of this

protective warmth. The two men in
the dreams were both old enough to
be my father, & were clearly incapable

for anything more, O'Hara being a
cripple & Steinbeck a married man.

The fact that they were both literary
men is surely significant. Earl is always

telling me that I write in order to
get famous men and that famous men

mean Daddy. In the dream I saw
my writing as a scarcely liked love

letter to Steinbeck, & I was shocked to think anyone would have been so blind as to publish it.

So I suppose it is true that my writing is ^{partly} an attempt to get the security & love I once had as a child, ~~that~~ since my father was the key to this society & since he is a famous man, I look to other famous men to bring me the old security. Fame takes on a value for me apart from the natural interest in a successful & interesting person. If famous men love me, or if I become famous myself, then I will be safe - as I used to be under the wing of my famous father.

Tues. Jan. 31

✓ I made a speech before the League yesterday about the World Trade issues before this session of congress.

I invariably have a ^{paradoxical} ~~sped~~ attitude towards making a speech which people call "successful", "brilliant", "well-done" etc. On one hand I believe them and think of myself as an extraordinary person. On the other hand I see the speech in a larger context of other speeches that men have made, & it dwindles to nothing. As far as the effectiveness of the speech goes, at most it brings those who listened one small step closer to knowing what OTC & GATT mean. What it does for me, beside the pleasure of being praised, is gives me confidence that I am able to digest a difficult subject easily, & feel quite at home with it, even though all my knowledge is second hand. Martha Briscoe has asked me to write a letter to Antoni D. Sadlak, our representative on the House Ways & Means Committee, telling me to vote yes on H.R. 5550. Earl said he thought it would be more

interesting for me if I wrote a letter that demands an answer from him - I think I will do that today. I consider that far ^a far more ~~of an~~ interesting challenge than making the speech. The difference between convincing a group of women of something which they want to be convinced about is a far cry from persuading a politician whose feels that perhaps there are more votes gained by taking the opposite stand.

▷ I have a feeling that it is just as hard, if not harder, to convince one person ~~of~~ about something, than to convince a group or a crowd. If members of a group begin to be convinced by a speaker, there is a ~~top~~ powerful cohesion which flows among them. They reinforce one another's acceptance of the speaker's point of view. An individual does

not feel that he is making a lonely decision. He feels comfortable as one of a group of people, who are accepting the idea.

Thurs. Feb. 2 (Ground Hog Day)

* There is no such thing as getting too much love; there are many ways of not getting enough love. There is no such thing as giving too much love; there are many ways of not giving enough. I have learned this from ~~my~~ ^{my} experience with my children. ~~For~~ For a while Stephanie did not respond respond well to her world. She cried easily; she demanded attention in imitating ways; she clung to me constantly. Many would say, "that Stephanie, she's bad; she's actin' awful bad, Missa Hubbard; you give in to her too much." Of course. Earl and I realized that for some reason our love was not reaching Stephanie; she was not

sufficiently sure of it. The problem was not that she was spoiled by too much attention; she was starving for the kind of attention she needed. We took the most obvious sort of measures. I spent mornings with her, letting her dictate our joint activities: we read together books, worked, played the piano & so forth. Gradually Stephanie loosened her tight grasp on me. She began to leave me some time to myself while she played her own games. She stopped crying so much; the imitating "bad" behavior dwindled to ~~a~~ normal ~~amount~~. She was growing into a delightful child. Away with the attention, we were able to be more firm; to see that she did the things she was supposed to, who ~~picked~~ ^{straightened up} her room, eating meals, etc. She began to take pride

in doing these things, rather than to correct
the directions, ~~to~~ and crying.
Now that ~~she~~ ^{Stephanie} her little personality
feels ~~so~~ assured of our love, ^{she} it is
becoming sure of ~~her~~ ^{it}self. Her little
personality is blooming with bounce &
zest. Our relationship is ~~is~~ now less
geared to her needs, ^{and} since ~~our~~ ^{her} needs
are becoming more compatible, ^{with mine} ~~husband~~
of hers excluding mine & visa versa
I do not find myself doing so many
things for her as with her. That
is the direction I see our family
life going, we enjoy ourselves together
so much that Paul and I are becoming
less & less interested in taking a vacation
without them. Almost everything we enjoy,
we would enjoy more with them, except
evening activities, of course, when they are
asleep anyway.
We all thrive on this relationship.

There is no question here of doing too much ^{or too little} for the children. They are in a position to be able to ~~use~~ to ~~absorb~~, to be nourished by the love around them, ^{to use it.} For a while Stephanie was not in such a position. Like a body with a deficiency which stops it from getting ^{full} nourishment from ~~the~~ food, her personality was not capable of being deriving nourishment from the love of her family. But given the injection of a little extra attention, her personality ~~became~~ found its proper balance and she was able to draw sustenance where she previously felt fearful ~~of~~ and angry.

And what energy is released for growth when a child is no longer fighting for love!

Feb. 3, Friday

at Earl's insistence I am reading
Richard Hofstadter's American Political
Tradition

What is the one essential difference
between the League of Nations and the
United Nations?

I believe the answer
is nuclear weapons ^{energy} ~~is~~ that difference,

nuclear weapons, ~~and~~ which have
finally brought ^{the art of} war to a

point where there ~~could~~ ^{can} be no
victory, ^{and have therefore forced men to take seriously}
^{the art of peace} it is the awareness that total

war means not total destruction that
provides ^{the} the U.N. ^{with} the bedrock upon which

to build. It is not love of peace, but

~~the~~ the lack of chance for victory that

seems to be the decisive factor today

the U.N.'s police powers are meaningful

only because the major powers realize

that ^{full scale} war between them is mutual suicide

~~it is not a particularly interesting if~~

if ~~the~~ major wars do turn out to be a

things of the past, future historians
will have to give credit to the most
terrible weapon of destruction ever devised
by man. And they will have to
give credit not to man's horror
of using it on others, but the fear of it
being used on himself. Love & charity
& brotherhood have not had the
power to stop war. These qualities have
time & time again been swept
aside in man's history. How curious
if it should prove that ~~the~~ instrument
of the devil, the bomb, should bring us
~~closer~~ to ~~the~~ ~~kingdom~~ of peace than
on this earth ^{where} ~~than~~ all the love in the ^{world}
had proved inadequate.

Sat. Feb. 4

Earle says that ^{in disagree with} my ~~original~~ theory
that ^{the bomb} ~~love~~ ^{has} ~~not~~ will have to get credit
for stopping war, if ^{war} ~~war~~ ^{does} is stopped,
he believes that people do not in

generally have a Whitmanesque circle of
humanity. A man's strong (oes) encompass
a small, immediate circle, not the world.

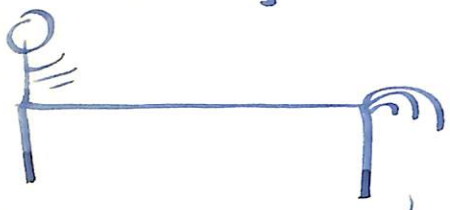
~~The reason that nuclear weapons will~~
make man cease to ^{initiate} fight full wars
because for the first time in history
the aggressor would have to face the
fact that his aggression meant the
destruction of what he loves: his home,
his family. Previously the aggressor
could believe ^{that} his war-like gestures were
for the sake of his home + family,
because he thought he could be
the victor and bring home the spoils,
so to speak. Now, only a mad-man
could believe that in victory; only a
mad man could believe that his loved-
ones would benefit from a war. ~~Therefore,~~
~~it is, therefore, true, that will stop~~

~~war. The atom hydrogen bomb. A sane~~
man must know today that there is
no possible way his loved ones could


be anything but hurt by a war.

The bomb has simply brought war home. ~~That is~~ to threaten the place where every man's loves lie. Before the bomb, war ~~was~~ ^{could be conceived as} something out there, away from home

Yesterday was Earl's birthday. "We girls" worked hard to please the master.


Tuesday morning we spent making birthday cards. Suzanne did her horse  and wrote her own name without any help. Inside she put a

~~a picture of~~ ^{drew} a birthday cake and Daddy. Stephanie ~~had~~ drew two dolls, with heads, eyes & legs on the outside of her card. On the inside she put drew a round birthday cake with round

candles  were much like the dolls
with eyes and without legs. I did a
painting of "we gals" sitting on stools
working on Daddy's cards.

That afternoon we went shopping
at the Connecticut Yankee for presents.
Suzanne wanted to get him Daddy a
yellow, jewel-encrusted feather duster, ^{similar} like
^{to the} green one he uses for sculptures
& pins always looking for & cursing
the cleaning woman for having taken
Stephane wanted to get him a ^{plaid} plaid
watch strap and bake him a "green cake with feathers"
during the few moments when they
were not deciding what presents I ought
to get them. We finally settled on a
yellow English sport shirt.

The next morning I did more
shopping, until we had a collection of
five or six presents.

Wrapping time was the next notable event. I brought all the presents into the guest room, where Suzanne was being ineffectually isolated with a cold. Mary + I wrapped the presents. The girls did the inscriptions. Suzanne drew her horse again. Stephanie did the several variations on her doll-theme. Suzanne broadened her ~~set~~ repetition with Zipper + a Christmas tree tail  Stephanie tried

a leaf. I did my usual under figure or something.

After wrapping was finished, + the stack of presents pushed under the bed, I made the cake - a French

chocolate cake with rum chocolate sauce. I did not have a "deep, ~~cake~~ loose bottomed cake plate" as recommended in the recipe, so I used a deep, tight

bottomed angel-food cake tin. Naturally
this meant that the birthday cake would
have a hole in the center, but I
felt we could carry this off as
if it were planned by putting some
sort of central decoration in the hole.
As it turned out, this was not necessary.
The ter rum icing, delicious though
it was, was very runny. It ran
right into the hole in the center
of the cake, filling it right up
to the top. The cake merely looked
caked-in. I ^{put} browned shredded almonds
~~put them~~ on top the icing and then
I dusted the whole thing with
confectionary sugar. It looked to more
like a melting heap of chocolate jelly
than a cake, but it tasted superb.

I went on to make a new chicken
dish, with apples, onions, celery, sherry-

etc. Then we set the table and put the
presents ^{on a tray} on the coffee table. I fast the
bottle of Curzans, two glasses + two ^{curly} ~~pieces~~

pieces of lemon juice ~~in~~ ready to bring out when Earl appeared.

The girls were in a state of high excitement by this time. I insisted that they sit quietly in their room. I went into an room, & we Earl + I took our showers. I proceeded here into the living room by a few moments. The girls hovered about the presents, waiting for Earl to come in. When he appeared, they shrieked with excitement.

In his sweet way Earl examined first each card, commenting on ~~each~~ ^{every} detail. "Suzanne, that's a beautiful horse." "Suzanne, did you write your own name?" Really, why that's wonderful Suzanne was so thrilled to do much beside not our word.

Then he came to Stephanie's card "What's a doll," she said; "A doll-

had nice Stephanie - I think I see
two dolls. to that two dolls Steph?"

"yes - two dolls. You proud of
me. Daddy?" "You proud of me?"

"Yes. I'm proud of you, dear."

Then he began to open the
presents. The gloves, the ~~shirt~~ shirt, the
books + the boots were carefully ^{unwrapped} opened.
Earl put on his new yellow shirt +
tried out his boots. He kept the
shirt on for the rest of the festivities.
Quite regularly during the evening
Suzanne would prompt him, "Do you
like your shirt, Daddy?" Earl would
answer in the affirmative. "Well,
say thank you, please, Daddy." Then
~~do you~~ a few moments later. "Do
you like your boots, Daddy?" Then
~~do you~~ You didn't say thank you."
"Yes, I did," says Earl.
"You proud of me for those boots?"
asks Stephanie.

"I like the book very much," says
Earl, ignoring the implications of her
question.

After the presents were opened,
I put the finishing touches on the
chicken & brought it in to the
table where the children & Earl sat
waiting. But ~~the~~ "Where's dessert?"
where's the cake?" Stephanie said
in a fearful voice. I reassured her
that dessert would, as usual, follow
the main course. But I could tell
that for her, the chicken was simply
one of those things in life which
we must ^{go} ~~plow~~ through to get at what
we want. I believe she enjoyed it
despite herself.

Finally it was dessert time. "Daddy
stays out here. We'll ~~get the~~ get the
cake," I said. Earl was smiling
broadly. The girls hopped down

from their stools, & conveyed the dishes into
the kitchen, running back & forth with
a separate dish & utensil each trip.

I put the mound on a cake on the
churn & let the girls stick the
candles in. Then I lit them. They stared
intently, studying my every gesture.

"A night, all lit" I said. "Happy
birthday, to Daddy," Stephanie began
to sing. "No, Steph." Suzanne ordered

in a strained whisper, "wait, Steph!"

I hastened out of the kitchen with
the flaming cake & we began to sing.
Stephanie was worried that her Earl

would eat all his cake & leave nothing
for her. "Don't take all it," she pleaded

as we placed the cake in front of

him. He blew out the candles. "I may
have some?" Stephanie asked, pushing her

head between Earl & the cake.

"A night, everybody sit down." I said
Stephanie went apprehensively back to her

seat, I took out the candles, and handed
me the cake knife, so I cut into
the soft, chocolate share + brought
forward a large piece. "For Daddy," I said
- "For me?" Stephanie said, anyway,
in case I had made a mistake. "No,
for Daddy." I said. "And now for Stephanie
- I want a big one." she said. I gave
her as large a piece as I thought
she should eat. "I may begin" she
asked. "Oh, no," I said. "You must
wait until we are all served." Finally,
we were. I tasted the cake. It was
without doubt the most delicious chocolate
cake I had ever tasted.

"I like it, Mummy," said
Stephanie. "I like it, too," said Stephanie.

Earl and I smiled at one another. "You
guys are pretty sweet," he said. "This is
the best birthday I've ever had."

Later on in the evening, after the children
were ^{in bed} we sat

close together on the couch watching the
fire + drinking our coffee. Unexpectedly, it
had been the children that made the
party fun. ~~all~~ ~~along~~ Up to the actual
party preparations I had been thinking
entirely in terms of Paul, what would
he like. But once we started working on it
it was the children's excitement which
became the focus of my attention.

Suddenly, another part of my life which
had previously had nothing to do with
children was inextricably ~~too~~ bound
up with them. The children had become
an integral part of another pleasure. When
I went in to tuck Stephanie in, she
put her arms about me, as usual. As
I held her tightly, something in the
quality of my love for her repelled me.
There was such a fierce protectiveness
in that love, such an overwhelming desire
to hold this child to me, that I let
her go so quickly, sensing a destructiveness
in myself which I did not like.

I am looking forward very much to
having another baby - its the best because
I know against the extreme protectiveness
which flares up in me occasionally.
It would be suffocating both to me &
to my children, occasionally the truth of
a cliché is brought to new life by
a personal experience. I just thought
of the phrase "I love her to death".
I have found the germ of disaster
there is such a desire in my love

both for the children & for Earl. For
the result of wanting to keep a person
just as he is all for myself, would
be to destroy that person. It was that
momentary fear of loving Stephanie to
death, that made me tuck her in
quickly and think of having another
baby.

Wed. Feb. 8

I am now an Ass correspondent
for the Associated Press in the Lakeville area.
I was given the job by the most

nonchalant way. Rhoda Loeb, happened to
be talking with Paul Cochran, chief
of the Connecticut Bureau. He happened
to mention that Stewart Hopkins
was not doing a good job & that
he was looking for someone else.
Rhoda told him about me. She wrote
me that he ~~to~~ ~~appeared~~ ~~interested~~
~~in me~~ might give me the job. She
suggested that if I were interested
I write him & arrange for an
interview. I wrote him, telling him
of my lack of experience in newspaper
work, my interest in writing and my
desire to know more about the job.
For two weeks I heard nothing. Then,
I received a letter from him yesterday
saying he was happy to have me as
a correspondent, ~~and~~ "fall the boys
anyt" "Don't fail to give us a ring
(collect) whenever you encounter something
you think deserves the wire. The boys will
be happy to take it over with you."

He enclosed ~~the~~ A - a pamphlet
called The Associated Press - Handbook for
Correspondents. That was all. It
seems a rather lazy way of finding
correspondents. I am left completely on
my own. I have appointed Martha
Atchley as my assistant, in case I
"leave town", as suggested in the
manual. She was pleased to accept.

The press has a glamor, a sense
of adventure and intimate knowledge
of private things, which is vague &
childish, yet I find that others share
it. Why did I accept this job?

Mainly because ~~it offers~~ contact with
the ~~it offers~~ possibility of enlarging
my base I call home ground. I ~~would~~
want to feel at home in as wide part
of this world as is possible for
me. This desire involves ~~two main factors,~~

~~Inner resources and outer~~ inner and
outer resources. The inner part of the
equation is ~~temp~~ well developed. My
outer resources ~~are scanty~~ need to be
built up. ~~I believe the opposite is~~
~~true~~ it is possible that being a correspon-
dent will build these outer resources, will
widen my ^{circle of} acquaintance with people &
places ~~and~~ ^{with} making more of the world
welcoming a shelter.

Another reason I accepted the
job is a certain ~~curiosity~~ curiosity I
have always felt when I hear of a
disaster. Earl scoffs at this, saying
that I have no interest whatever in
fires and accidents. I do. I am horrified
by tragedy and attracted to it by the
very horror I feel. It is Earl who
has no interest. He never wants to
hear the details, which I dwell on,
despite my revulsion. When I read in
the paper, as I do almost every day,
even in the New York Times, of a
family buried to death or mangled in an

* accident, or of young girls raped &
maimed by sex fiends, I am always
appalled by the utter lack of justice
in the world, & consequently of the
precarious ~~state~~ ledge upon which we all walk.
There is a universal ~~attr~~ quality
to most accidents, for most of them
could have happened to any one of
us. It is ^{so often} ~~just~~ pure luck that brought
~~hap~~ misery upon one man instead of
another. When I ~~say that I am~~
curious about accidents, what I ~~am~~
really really want to know is how
did the people involved react, so I may
compare it with how I think I might
have reacted, and thereby to gain a measure
of protection from shock if such an
accident had happened to me.

Another reason ^{in my} for taking the job is the fun it is to say I am an AP correspondent. It adds a dimension to my reputation, which I enjoy. In my off moments, when I feel depressed or aimless, it is ^{comforting} ~~encouraging~~ to ^{believe} ~~think~~ that at least other people think I am interesting. The reflected ^{light} ~~glory~~ of my reputation can brighten me on dark days.

Earl has expressed nothing but a certain light disapproval and disbelief of my new job. He feels, accurately, I am afraid, that if there is an accident in this area, I will not be able to fund it unless it happened on the few main thoroughfares ~~with~~ which I know. I tell him that I have no notion of going to the fires & murders alone. He will come with me, naturally, and the children, too, I suppose, if the catastrophe is nocturnal!

Thurs. Feb. 9

There are not often do I feel unable to read Earl, unable to warm him. Last night was one of those rare occasions. The evening started off badly when I decided to read the evening papers during our dessert & coffee, ~~so that~~ I ~~could~~ ~~be~~ Disney Land starts at 7:30. I had about 15 minutes to read. Earl was quite understandably annoyed. He sat in stony silence, refusing to pick up the other paper or to discuss the news with me. When Disney Land began, we called the children from their room & brought our chairs to watch with them. I drew my chair up close to Earl's and apologized for having read during dessert. ~~He kissed me~~ ~~and~~ "I hate that reading during meals!" he said, ~~heatedly~~ ~~heatedly~~. Then he

gave me a kiss and we settled down
to watch "Dizzy Lamb" as Stephanie
calls it.

When we had tucked the children
in at last, Earl sat down in the big
yellow Saarinen chair.

"What would you like to do?"
he asked.

"I'd like to finish the papers."

I said. "I'll read the editorials to
you."

I opened the Times and began
scanning the columns ^{for news} and looking at

the advertisements for spring clothes

"I thought you were going to read
the editorials aloud," he said.

"I'm looking for them."

"What do you mean looking for

them," he said ~~without~~ flatly. "I
thought they were all on the same page."

"No, some of them are spread out
there," I said - "like Hanson Baldwin,

here for example." (I never read Baldwin's
military editorials, but I felt the need to

depend myself for looking through the paper.

I kept turning the pages of the Times, feeling ~~early the weighty~~ ~~early the weighty~~ ~~like an~~ uncomfortable

as Earl simply sat in the chair.

"For heaven's sake, darling," I said, "I just want to read the paper for a few minutes. Don't you want to take a look, too?"

"Our evenings are no fun any more," Earl said. "Either ~~we go out~~ if we are not going out or watching Disney Land we don't do anything interesting. I don't look forward to our evenings any more. We just waste time until we go to bed."

"Alright," I said, putting down the paper. "What would you like to do with our evenings. Shall we try reading aloud again?"

"No - No we've tried 2 or 3 books

and you have gotten bored with it.

"Well, we could find another book. Why don't you try to find a book that would be good to read aloud," I said.

"No - no - you go ahead + read your papers + your own books. I'll find something to do. I'm not helpless."

"So I don't know, & why you need it so much + occasionally I want to read at night. I think it's cozy, sitting together by the fire + reading, don't you."

"It's fine," he said coldly. "You go ahead + read and I'll read."

"It's no fun for me to read if you are angry with me and hunt after it."

"I'm not hunt," he said in an angry tone. "Don't worry about that."

"But I do, darling."

"You go ahead + read," he said.

I did. I ~~was~~ had just started ~~the~~ in the midst of The

Humana," and was already deeply engrossed
in it. I settled down happily in spite
of myself. Earl got his Burke from
the book shelf, & with a walk of ice
around him, ~~he~~ buried himself in the
book. At 9:15 he arose. "My eyes hurt,"
he said. "I've been staring at patterns
all day. It's a strain. I think I'll go
into the bedroom, turn on some music
& get ready for bed, leisurely. I'll turn
off the lights, won't you?"

"I don't want to stay out
here all alone," I said. "I'll come in
with you."

"But I'm going to turn the radio
on," he countered.

"That's alright," I said. "I like
music when I read. I'm not like you."

He left me & walked into the
bedroom. I closed up for one night &
followed him in. Already he had turned

she led down, darkened the room except for a dim light & turned on the radio. He was in his pajamas, & in another moment, he was in bed.

"Are you going to sleep?" I asked.

"No, I think I'll just lie here & listen to the music. You go ahead and read."

"I don't want to read alone," I persisted. I undressed, trying to figure out how I could best make Earl feel happy.

"He's annoyed, not so much at me, but at other things," I thought. "The new cut-outs are developing ~~into~~ in an even bolder & more dominating direction than the paintings. If those were hard to sell, what will be the fate of the new work? He's wondering how long obscurity will keep him away from outlets for his work & prestige for his pride. It's hard for him, ~~it was~~ I wanted to go to him and comfort him. I decided not to read. I quickly brushed my teeth & got into bed next to him.

He switched off the radio which was

Having discordant, monotonous music.

"I hear so much of that all day," he said. I lay there. He lay there. The room was warm as since we had not opened the windows.

"You go on and read your book," he said gently. "I'm just dozing tonight."

"Would you like me to read aloud to you. It's all to. The book is really very entertaining," I said.

"No, thank you. Now that I'm in bed I've begun to feel very tired. I think I'll go to sleep."

I ~~felt~~ ^{felt} there was nothing I could do, so I kept him do sleep, or settled down to the last hurrah. Part was asleep and snoring loudly within five minutes. ~~Sunset~~

Friday, Feb. 10

~~The next~~ day all during the next

day this cold and hostile atmosphere
continued. It was not that Earl did
anything particularly ~~different~~ different, but that
all the tenderness was drained from
his customary gestures. His kisses
were inanimate; his conversation dulled,
his ~~usual~~ warmth congealed and
unavailable. I knew he was angry
with me, but I did not know why.
Finally, I began to feel resentful myself
when, after dinner he provocatively picked
up the ^{news} paper and said, in answer to
my question, that it was alright ~~for~~
for him, not for me. I knew then that
he was purposely being nasty. I walked
out of the room & proceeded to dress
for the Town Meeting. We drove to
it in absolute silence. I was grateful
to be in the busy world of people as
we entered the meeting, which was to
decide ^{upon} the method of nominating ^{& electing} the zoning
Commission. I saw many friends. I
became immediately alive to the tensions

of the meeting, Tom Wagner was talking. George Minkine sat ~~at~~ the table as chairman, ^{with} Lila Nash, the town clerk, by his side, her face settled into its perpetual look of gleam-eyed questioning. Tom was reading the proposed method of nominating. Behind me I heard various remarks from people near me. "What the hell do they mean, 'take office' if qualified - if they someone is elected why the hell should he have to qualify?" ^{a man} ~~he~~ whispered. I turned to see who it was. He was a middle aged man in without a tie on. "Probably against zoning," I thought, "because of an emotional, class basis." His question had been filled with that sort of angry suspicion I have found to be typical of the less educated people ~~when dealing~~ around here on the zoning issue. He had the courage to stand up & ask the question, for which

I respected Ann. Tom answered that it simply meant we would have to be sworn in, like any other elected officers of the town. The man sat down.

I heard Don Evans' ^{voice} behind me, "I'm still an independant and I'm going to stay an independant. Both parties have approached me, but I won't give in to them."

"But you miss out on the party caucus," said his friends.

"I know, but I'm a free agent - not tied down to one side or the other."

"Poor Don," I thought, "he's so proud of being ~~independant~~ independant - as if you can go through life uncommitted."

Soon it was time for the vote. George Melmine told us that unless there was a written request otherwise, we would have a standing vote. The group was silent. "I'll appoint Mr. Rand & Mr. Buck to count on this side, & Mr. Ford & Mr.

Walker to count on ~~that~~ the side." The
four men arose. I was proud of how
handsome ~~they~~ each of them was. I looked
about the assembly for handsome faces.
Robin Leech, Don Hewat, John Atchley and
others - all my friends. I could see that
a town becomes home if my friends
are there. Salisbury was beginning to
be home, I thought. I looked at
Earl's ~~the~~ face, the rugged, closed
features, the thick, black hair, the frown
of concentration, the black corduroy jacket.
And he's the best of them all, I thought
forgetting ~~my~~ ~~out~~ unsettled anger. He suddenly
revised it for me. We got into the car
and headed into Salisbury instead of
toward Lime Rock. "Where are we going?"
I asked. "I thought we'd go over to
Robin's for a drink." I was astonished.
I could never remember Earl's ^{having} suggested
we go to any one's house.

"What a nice idea," I said. "Do you think
he'll ~~Robin~~ asked be there."
"Of course - he asked me to drop in."
"He asked you! Where?"
"After the meeting."
"Oh, well, you could have mentioned
it to me."
"We were going any way," he snapped.
"Earl," I don't understand you."
"What do you mean?" he said,
as we pulled up in front of Robin's
house. I got out of the car and walked
in, glad again for the shelter of
other people.

~~The party was a great success. I~~
~~had a lot~~ Alan Buck took my attention
immediately drawing me into private
conversation about their buying Marshall's
property. Alan's ~~power~~ personal magnetism
is to my mind a matter of style rather
than intelligent. It is the flair and the
wit that makes the man, ~~so attractive~~.
Sake ^{Rand} and Stuart Hoskins joined us in the kitchen,
then Einar + Don. We discussed many things,
from Bathroom's we have known to local

politics. Someone had said that it was a disgrace the way Nort Miner & the Republican Town Committee ran ~~everything~~ that it was a closed corporation.

"You know why it's a closed corporation," ^{I said,} "because Nort is willing to work and the rest of us aren't. He's called me up several times, asking that I come to caucuses, asking for suggestions & so on. ~~But~~ I can't blame Nort because I didn't take him up on it.

But what I want to know is - is there anything wrong with the way the town is run - is there graft or mismanagement. ~~Why~~ ~~str~~ ~~I would like~~ ~~to know~~ ~~whether~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ ~~something~~ ~~wrong~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~way~~ ~~Nort~~ ~~has~~ ~~handled~~ ~~things.~~"

~~But~~ Silence from the group. Neither Alan the active Democrat, nor Stuart, the newspaper ~~editor~~ publisher & editorialist, nor any of the others could think of one single thing ~~wrong~~ ^{to say.} ~~with~~ the town.

"Why show us there any difference at all between Democratic + Republican policy on a local level?"

Again no definite answer. Alan said he believed that Democrats might tend to be more liberal. "Do you think you're more liberal than I am, Alan?" "No, he said, in his warm way, but you're not running the town."

"But the fact is, Alan, that you don't think there is anything wrong with the way the town's run. I think it all boils down to labels. You are called a Democrat, for certain broad beliefs that apply on a national level, but not on a local level. However, ^{you} would like to have some control over the town, you would like to hold office. Since you happen to be a Dem. in national politics, you say you want the Democrats to take over."

~~By~~ Finally, after many hours of talk, I went in the other room to find Earl. He was talking with Charlotte Roud

I love Charlotte's face with its particular features & sensual, humorous expressions. Earl seemed to be in a fine mood. But once we got in the car, I could feel his coldness again. ~~then~~

When we arrived home, he sat down in the living room and began to talk about his conversation with Charlotte. How he had told her about the home being the center of all the arts, and the woman being responsible for making the home into an exciting place, for taking the stigma off the word "housewife."

"There is a stigma," I said, "because after all, we are doing the work of our servants, Charlotte, me, Diane, all of us, we are ~~doing~~ the first generation of women to do the servants' work - we are gaining the credit of the transition. Our children will think it perfectly natural ~~to do their own housework,~~ and

"That's right," said Earl. "It's up

to you to make the name 'into something exciting. Its a real challenge," he said sharply.

"Well, now, I don't look at it quite that way." I said, beginning to feel that this was a personal attack. "The name is a reflection of me. I don't do things 'for the name' - I do things because I like to - I play the piano, I write, I entertain - for my pleasure - the name is the result - not the purpose of my activities."

"No, no, you've worn off." Earl said.

"Earl, I don't know what's wrong with you," I said, reacting to his tone. "You're so belligerent."

I got up, went into the kitchen to get a half grapefruit. Earl had watched me go into the bedroom without a word. I checked the children and went to the bedroom. I undressed in silence, ate my half-grapefruit. * Earl was already in bed. I turned off

the lights and climbed in, settling down
as far to the edge of the bed as possible.
I was surprised to feel his hands
reach over to me and draw me to him.
He held me closely and ~~felt~~ ^{touched} my breasts.
I was too angry to respond. Finally I
~~so~~ broke the silence: "Why have you
been so mean, darling?"

"When it gets to the point that
you'd rather read a book than go to
bed with me, something has to be done -
I'm not going to be treated like that -
told I'm helpless and not to be hurt
because you want to read. I'll get
myself a concubine so you can do
your reading."

"Earl - how can you say that
I'd rather read than go to bed with you
I went to bed when you did - but you
didn't want me."
"Well, you've got to make

we want you," he said.

"But, Darling, you ^{shouldn't} generalize because that one evening I wanted to read the papers. ~~that~~ ^{it's} too ridiculous.

"It's not ridiculous. When I come in from the studio, I want to be entertained - I don't want to spend the evening alone reading. I might as well stay out in the studio."

"Alright, Darling," I said, more relaxed than anything else, "I'll entertain you. That should be easy." I smiled and we kissed warmly and the anger was all gone.

Tues. Feb. 14. Valentine's Day

Stephanie is playing on the porch

with a friend about her own size - black ^{police} labrador - ~~police~~ dog puppy. She is

eating a banana ~~ostentatiously~~, while the

puppy hovers about her, leaping up to catch the banana or lick a bit from

her face. She protests indignantly. The

puppy loses interest. Stephanie calls,

"Dog!" "Dog! Banana! Here, Dog." He comes up to her, tail wagging his whole

body. Dog. ~~to away~~, don't bother me,
Stephanie says impudently. The dog
backs away, tail slowing down to
a gentle wag. "Here, Dog, here's a
little piece," says Stephanie, dropping
a squashed lump. Finally, she gives him
the whole banana, piece by piece,
taunting him all the while. Every
now & then the puppy comes over to
me and places his head in my lap,
staring at Stephanie. She ~~leaves~~^{leaves} him little
chance for peace or composure, however. ~~So~~
once the banana ^{was} ~~was~~ eaten, she teased
him with her gloves, poking ~~the~~ one in
front of his nose, then nonchalantly putting
the glove on and commanding him to
irritated tones to leave her gloves alone.
The dog ~~wanted~~ comes back to me
for safety. But she would draw him out
again. "Happy birthday, dear dog." she
came ^{straight} towards him, sniping, carrying a

flat, circular piece of ice which had
formed at the base of the hardy chair.
The ~~dog~~^{puppy} is now, for all his
playfulness, definitely suspicious of
Stephanie. And I do not blame him.

at Earl's suggestion I was
in the process of rereading my journals.
He thought it would do me good
to see the main currents of my
development since our marriage five
years ago. One salient idea kept occurring

* to me as I read my daily remarks -
I never have had a conscious
sense of direction. On a much more
complete level I have developed like
a moth or frog, ^{activated} propelled by needs of
the moment. The fact that these needs
have had a certain consistency ~~is~~
~~has been~~ ^{fact} beyond my control. I have had
almost no long range plans that were
more than a mere reflection of today's

pleasures. For, after all, what do I know
of tomorrow's pleasures. ~~Just~~ all my
dreams are based on yesterday's desires.
And yesterday is a memory growing constantly
dim. My ~~scope~~ awareness of ~~it~~

What I have gained from reading
enough the journals is not so much the
sense that I know where I am
going as that I like where I am ^{am.} ~~going.~~
What I see growing in me is not
control ~~of direction~~ over men and matter,
but the ability to do what I love and love
what I do.

As I sit here on the porch this
sunlit, cold morning, listening to the
spring's gurgle, the ~~swish~~ of the rocking
horse's steady motion, the wagging tail
I feel in control of nothing at all
~~except the joy~~ except my happiness, which
I ^{know} depend on infinite ~~numbers of things~~ ^{things} beyond
my control, but still, my sense of strength
is that given this particular configuration

A
of events, I have created & joy from
them. If the events changed, I believe
I might have the strength to turn
the new configuration into a joyful
one. I feel that the greatest
gift I have to give my children
is this sense of joy, the confidence that
~~they~~ ~~have~~ will naturally have it.

Wed. Feb. 15

I had an amusing dream last night.
Carl and I were both going to a
~~woman~~ female Gynecologist for an ordinary
examination. ~~She~~ it was the first time
we had ever been to her, but we knew
that she was reputed to be the best
in this country. Her office was jammed.
People were standing in line at the door.
When it opened they fought to be
first in the office. The gynecologist was
notorious for having to keep people
waiting because of the inordinate number
of patients always in her office. As the

people pushed into the office, the nurse
tried to make some order. The doctor
was standing there, smiling. She saw
me and firmly asked me to get to
come forward out of the crowd. "I know
your sister," she said "you don't have
to wait. I'll take you first." Earl
let me go ahead, & him for the
examination. The waiting room was
separated from the office by a curtain
on a rod in the doorway. The curtain
was not quite wide enough to cover
the door space, so that someone in the
waiting room could peek in, & everyone
could hear what was said. I lay
down on the examination table & put
my feet in the stirrups. I saw that
a man was half looking at me, but
I did not particularly care. The woman
above me merely felt my stomach & here

there. "Wonderful" she said, "you've about
the best specimen I have seen - and
I've been examining people all over the
city - just came back from Harlem -
& you are in better shape than always
I've seen."

I was pleased, and left the office,
it was Earl's turn. ~~He sat in~~
~~a place~~ ~~to~~ I had no intention of ~~staying~~
to watch, in fact the thought embarrassed
me, but the curtain was open & I could
not help seeing. Earl lay down on
the table in his underwear. First
she felt his abdomen, then she prodded
about in his groin and then finally
she touched the penis itself. ^{feeling up} ^{down} ^{with her} ^{finger} ^{at the} ^{time}
I saw that Earl had his pants off
& she was matter of factly rubbing
up and down his penis with her
hand. ^{she wants to see what it looks like with an extra}
^{thought.} The penis was growing &
growing until finally I saw it
sticking up like a straight from
his body, growing up & dancing the

way it does. Earl had his head raised slightly watching it. She was staring at it, too.

"Why," she said, "that's splendid. There's nothing wrong with you. You've got to stop sewing yourself up in little those little contraptions. You're fine."

Then I heard Earl saying in answer to a Svesha I had not made out, "Oh, four or five times, ^{a night} maybe - you've been to a Gull session, haven't you?"

"Why, the nerve of it, I thought as I sat watching." He's telling her that he sleeps with me four or five times a night. I wish he would. Maybe she'll be able to find out what's wrong with him, so he can sleep with me at least once if I want it - and I do want it. He comes so fast so often. Even if he doesn't, I'm agreed

he will, which makes me nervous."

Then I lapsed into thinking of times that I had wanted him and he was finished for the night.

I woke up sexually excited and amused at the sleeping Earl, lying there unsuspecting of the ignominy he had just suffered. I wanted him desperately ^{I wanted} to ~~be~~ be able to feel the long penis flash in and out in hot jabs for hours.

Yesterday we celebrated Stephanie's birthday, ^{which} although it is not actually ~~on~~ on the 25th but we are going to N.Y. ~~last~~ ~~weekend~~, ~~with the kids~~. so I ~~chose~~ ~~picked~~ Valentine's day. The entire day was ~~focused~~ ^{centered} about the cake. She was interested in her presents and her guests, but every few minutes she ~~would~~ ^{would} whispered in my ear, or shouted, "Where's the cake?" at various times during the day. Suzanne and I had tried to make Happy Birthday

Stephanie would always shout - "Not yet, not until it's all set up."

Every so often she would question me: "Mummy, Roger won't it all if?" This thought caused her ~~the~~ considerable anxiety.

When the time finally came, Stephanie was seated at the head of the party table.

~~On her right was Lisa Hewat. Her~~
at each place was a green box with a picture ^{containing the} of a mechanical ~~Photo~~ Photo,

a valentine card from Stephanie, a balloon, a paper hat and a basket

of candy. The guests sat down, Lisa ~~Her~~ ^{and} Roger Hewat, Leslie ^{+ Dad} Jones, Connie ^{Alley}, Teddy Pomeroy, Jeffrey Gevalt, Suzanne -

"Where is it, where is it?" Stephanie demanded. I went to the kitchen, lit the candles,

& brought out the cake, singing happy Birthday. "For me?" Stephanie greeted

in wonder, fearful up to the very last

that something would be wrong, that
her imagination was playing tricks on
her, that it was really Roger's
birthday. "For you, Stephanie,"
said. She blew out the ^{"be very happy, honey"} candles, I ^{cut} ^{the} ^{cake}
her out the first piece, and then with the
help of the other Mothers + Mary, who
was in high spirits for a change, we
served them cake, ice creams + chocolate
milk. The table was fairly quiet
as the children were absorbed in eating.
I was chatting, sipping my Sherry, while
listening half-consciously to one
sound which predominated over all
the others. A giggle, a stream of low,
throaty giggles. Finally I became
aware enough of it to wonder ^{which} ~~who~~ ^{it}
child was having such fun. I should
have known. Naturally, it was Stephanie.
The other children were quietly eating.
Stephanie was playing a game with
Lisa, which was only funny because
Stephanie was making it so: she put a
candy on Lisa's Pluto box + then pushed

it off onto Lisa's plate or the floor. Lisa was gently playing along with her, while she roared with laughter, her cheeks turning up. She reminded me of how I always think I ought to feel at a New Year's Eve party, but never quite do.

"You a funny belly-button," she said to me, bursting into fresh sales of laughter.

~~what was~~ The rest of the children continued to eat quietly. Stephanie was guarding her safety from her own private sources. She needed no ^{outward} responses to keep the safety script. Every now & then she would purposely throw her spoon on the floor for the simple purpose of being able to get down, pick it up, & climb back on to her high chair. "I love you, Mummy," she would say to me when I tried gently to calm her down a bit.

She remained at the table long after all the others had left. She finished a too large portion of cake & ice cream. Her laughter continued unabated. She asked for more cake, which I did not give her. Her face was covered with food, her hair had come loose from its ribbon. It was not until the table had been cleared away, that she finally calmed down. When I tucked her in that night she said to me: "Now I three years old, I take good care of you, Mummy."

Thurs. Feb. 16

I made Earl read the "amusing dream" thoroughly. He enjoyed the synecdochist scene until the last part about his coming too soon, ^{even now & then.} I had always been resentful about this, not so much because of the physical fact, but rather because he never tried again or at least showed some sympathy about how I felt. He, on the other hand, has been annoyed with me for fussing up and revealing my revulsion at being so shamed. He just when he was about to come. He says that

it is impossible for him to think in terms of consideration at those moments. And as far ~~for~~ as a second time, he simply is not excitable and there is nothing in this world he knows to do about it. "Certainly your coldness and anger is not the answer, anyway," he said.

"No, I suppose not," I said. "Maybe I have been too timid. Maybe it is possible for you to come again if I were persuasive." He did not know about this - but I plan to try when I feel so inclined. "The thing I really hate," Earl went on, "is the thought that I have let you down. Usually those times ~~when~~ ^{are} ~~that~~ I come ^{are} ~~are~~ ^{not} ~~just~~ ^{when} I'm feeling tense and nervous. I'm having to adjust to a whole new set of circumstances - and ~~the~~ ~~step~~ at those times when I'm feeling tired - it's my masculinity that I need to be confident of. I'm apt to think that I'm not doing enough for you and

see family. ~~if I~~ I know that's not true
I'm doing everything I can - but that's
the fear, anyway. Well - if on top of that
I feel I'm letting you down sexually -
it just makes matters worse. The only
thing I can think of is for me not
to start anything unless I think I can
keep going - and not take any chances."

"Oh, Earl, that's impossible, darling.
You can't tell about a thing like that."

"Well, then, you'll have to proceed at
your own risk at those times. I'll tell
you when."

"You know me, darling. If I'm in
the mood, I'd always take the chance."

"Alright, but it will be your decision."
Said Earl.

"Well, there is one comforting thought,"
I said. "If Kinsey was correct, my sexual
desires will begin to decline by the age of
29. That's only three years to go. ~~and~~
all, you've been on the down grade ever
since 19."

"When I look back on my life," said
Earl, "I regret that I didn't start at 14."

"Yes, you undoubtedly did waste a lot of time."

He leaned over and kissed me. His lips were warm and searching. "I think I might have to take a trip to the gynecologist for an examination tonight," he said. ^{It} it was time for Disney Land. The children were perched in their chairs in front of the television set, asking that we come and see. Earl brought our chairs over, but I ~~was~~ sat in his lap and opened the top button of my robe. He put his hand on my breast. "I might even get to like Disney Land." I ~~whispered~~ ^{said} "What you say, Mummy?" asked Suzanne. She had been concerned about our conversation. Although it was carried on above her understanding, she sensed an argument. "Is Daddy telling you wrong?" she asked me at one point when I had answered Earl in a sharp tone. "No, dear, we're just talking."

In a few moments I returned to my seat, for Earl was obviously becoming engrossed in the story of the Three Little Pigs - and so was I, despite myself. #
However, as soon as Disney Land was over, we put the children right to bed. Earl took a bottle of brandy + two glasses + we went into our bedroom. I played the gynecologist over + over again - Earl was "Splendid" as she had said in the dream. He had turned the bed down
I lounged there, waiting for him. He came over to the bed, ^{meaning} with the bottle of brandy and two glasses I believe I had about one sip, for as he sat down, the loose robe fell away from his naked body, and there was the penis straight up and throbbing like in the dream. His long legs looked black against the white robe and the sheets. He touched my breast through the ^{smooth} folds of my nightgown. All the feeling in my body was centered in my nipple as he touched it. I felt it

hard and sharp ^{of almost} the nylon gown. He fondled it gently and I knew that this would be an hour of sheer ecstasy. I leaned ~~against~~ ^{against} the ~~bed~~ ^{bed} ~~was~~ ^{was} half sitting up, as he needed the nipple, still through the gown. Then slowly he slipped the strap from my shoulder to leave one breast bare ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the dim light. He looked ~~at~~ ^{at} it and then began ~~to~~ ^{to} lightly to lick it, ~~with his tongue~~ ^{with his tongue} to mold his tongue into the softness of the breast and upon the hardness of the nipple. I watched his penis, and feet along his leg and around and around the penis. "Is that the way she did it in the dream?" Earl said. "Yes, first she felt here and then in the groin and then, finally, she felt it with her fingers." I put my finger gently at the base of the ~~pulsating~~ ^{pulsating} penis. I could feel the pounding blood, and the ~~swelled~~ ^{swelled} veins, I set my fingers creep slowly up. "Oh, God, your hands,

your beautiful hands," Earl mumbled, as his legs fell wide apart and his lips moved up & down, tumbling the penis high into the empty air.

"and then she had to feel all his legs." I said. "Then feel all my legs," he whispered. I slide down and put myself between his legs, so I could ~~to~~ see the penis rising up ^{from the} before my face like a proud mast upon a rolling sea. I drew lines upon the soft fleshy inner flesh, his legs, faint, weaving lines, and gentle scratches with my nails. I moved the lines closer & closer to the ~~hard knot~~ testicles ^{which were} ~~hardened~~ with passion. Round & round the taut sack I drew circles. Then I held the sack ^{against the flat} ~~to~~ my hand and rubbed it round & round against the base of the penis. Then finally I traced the lines up and down the penis, in love with it so much that I had to hold my hands to a gentle ~~of~~ course, as they unyielded grip and ~~for~~ fear tear the penis as it was revealed in all its strength and vulnerability.

At last Earl could stand ~~no~~ no more.
He turned me on my back with firm
hands & put his tongue between my
outstretched legs. There was a warm
sea of moisture there. I could feel it
flooding. ~~In a moment of passion there~~
is no similarity between that place in
a moment of ecstasy and at other times.
It loses its identity as a part of the body
and becomes ~~the~~ all of life. The moisture
turns into a rocking cradle for the penis,
the tongue & the fingers. I lay still, too
thrilled to move, as I concentrated on the
feel of his tongue ~~between my legs~~ licking
between my legs, opening the secret ~~and~~
crevices, turning darkness to light and
stillness to song with each new warm
touch of his tongue. Soon ~~my lips could~~ I could no
longer hold my hips subservient. They began
to rise & fall, first slowly, then frantically

As Earl let his tongue rub hard, up +
down against me as I rose and fell in
ecstasy - I would have torn my
legs from my body, if I could, so wide
did I open them to feel more +
more of ~~the~~ the burning flame of his tongue.
He raised his head + refusing to
"Please, don't, please." listen to my plea, he began to
fondle me with his hands (see insert)

Finally, ~~he~~ he went into the bathroom.
He waited on the bed, not knowing where
I was on the bed. He came back to
me, I lay on my back with my legs
open for him. He knelt before me and
put the penis at the opening of the
waiting mouth. To bring it in, I had
but to raise my hips ~~a~~ ^{little} little. It
slide in and ~~he~~ Earl ~~fell~~ fell down
upon me with a groan. I brought my
legs around him and we copulated
in all the ways we could find to
please us; on our sides so that Earl
could watch my breasts and lick them
when he liked; with ~~me~~ me sitting upon
his lap, ~~risi~~ moving up + down, ~~or~~
or ~~off~~ falling hard onto the penis, letting

my breasts rub against his chest, and our
tongues join; with Earl upon his back &
me above him so he could hold the
breasts in his hand, and watch them
and suck them into his mouth.

insert
"Squeeze," I said, hating the word
but wanting to feel the supreme ecstasy
of having the wildly throbbing clitoris
squeezed ^{hand + ryth} between the folds, this makes me
come almost more than anything else
Earl squeezed it, I cried out, and while he
squeezed the clitoris with one hand, he
played in and out with the fingers of
the other. I was lost in the flooding
tides of moisture + passion, lost and out
of control + unconscious of the ordinary
world.

"Come, darling, come," I said as my
body moved faster + faster and the pelvis
flashed inside me. "No," he said, "you'll

have to beg me." I turned onto my back and drew him harshly down onto me, and moved my hips in utter abandon. I felt the penis swell and stiffen; Earl's body moved on its own now, as suddenly beyond his control or my control. It heaved up and out, severe + stern in the grip of his passion, faster + faster we moved, he began to tremble and I did, and then the volcano erupted in mutual ~~orgasm~~ ^{orgasm}. Earl sobbed with exstasy and I felt the beloved body vibrate, from penis to shoulders, he softened and lay heavy upon my flattened body. I held him and kissed him and loved him.

Friday, Feb 17.

I am furious ^{about} ~~at~~ the weather. For the third time now the day of the Opinions Unlimited debate has been bad. That makes 100% bad luck. I am expecting 14 people for dinner, including Dr. Backman, one of the speakers; and the Gagarins and the ~~F~~ Roper Stillman's from Litchfield. Andy Gagarin

is the head of the Torrington Company -
as well as the wife of "Nugget" - &
builder of the fabulous Breur House
in Litchfield with the ~~public~~^a wild flower
meserve as their gardens. Rufus
Skillman is his plant manager. I
have been looking forward to this
evening for weeks now. But what
can one do about the weather? Its
still early morning and there is a
drizzle of warmer rain. But how
helpless I feel watching those
relentless flakes pile ~~lightly~~^{whitely} down, lightly
burying my hopes for an ~~evening~~ a
~~pleasant~~ warm evening.

I am still in the process of rereading
my journals. I had no idea of the ^{sheer} bulk
of my writing. I am not yet half way
through. I have discovered what I consider
the turning point from adolescence into

adulthood for both Earl and me. It came when we both accepted the fact that we had each made irrevocable choices, because we wanted to, and that it was now up to us to make them work. With Earl it was the fact realization that he had chosen his life's work because he loved it. The ideal or fame by so was based on childhood dreams; his love of his work was not, he was in the process of exploring this love. He found it sustaining. There were problems; there were complaints and regrets, but the sustaining substance became an established fact within his control. He learned ~~that that~~ is where his strength lies and how to draw comfort from it.

For me the turning point came with my acceptance of my home. I accepted myself as part of a community and took my responsibility for my place within that community. I stopped looking back towards the brilliant things

I might have done; I discarded the possibility of ^{actually} giving up my husband home & family to ~~do any~~ realize any of these vague glories. I saw that I lived here and nowhere else; that I would be happy here or not at all; so I set out to ~~learn to~~ find ~~what~~ ~~to~~ something good about the community I did. I accomplished this by saying yes to just about every opportunity that came my way, no matter how small. Now I am able to choose among many things, and this is only a beginning. I am sure.

The interesting thing is that having accepted this community as permanent, I am actually in a better position to move than ever before, if it were necessary, because I have gained a confidence in myself, which is independent of particulars. Having achieved success here, I carry within myself the assurance

that I could achieve it somewhere else.
Likewise with Earl, having learned that
no work can sustain him, he is probably
better equipped to deal with ^{the} ~~the~~ very
success I ~~think~~ ^{enjoy} dreamed as a
boy.

Mon. Feb. 20

Weather did not spoil my pleasure in
Opinions Unlimited. All my guests ~~came~~
^{the extras -}
~~with~~ plus three extra arrived: Bud
Stillman, ^{Rufus} the "terribly left wing" brother,
as Samie told me apologetically over
the phone, and Lewis and Ruthie Gannet
who called around 5:45 wondering where
the dinner was being held. Naturally
I asked them here. Fred and Mary were
on hand. I had baked my Freud
chocolate cake with the Rum icing
and had ordered a Turkey and Squab broilers
from the rôtisserie at Shagroy. Everything
went beautifully. I enjoyed all my
guests - even "Ruthie" Gannet, whose
vague work and ~~drinking~~ non-sensical
conversation so appalled us last time. John

Atchley, very kindly went to talk with her when I asked him to do so. At one point I saw her snatch up off ~~the~~ her earrings from Stephanie's ears and clipping them onto John as he sat next to her on the floor. He did not look comfortable! He

I had the double satisfaction as a hostess of feeling that my guests had enjoyed themselves and that I was had established ^{new} relationships that might prove fun, especially ^{with} the Gagnons and the Gannets.

The debate on the Guaranteed Annual Wage was most interesting. Earl does not agree with my feelings on it, but as I see it, the debate to my mind the debate is essentially whether or not GAW is a benefit in human terms. Naturally it would not be beneficial in these terms if it destroyed companies & put men out of work. But if it tends to give more

people a steady wage, ~~and if it does this~~
without hampering the ^{vital} expansion of industry,
I think it is a healthy thing. ~~I have~~
~~naturally~~ ^{of course} the guarantee will be limited,
nothing is ever completely assured in
this life; but I ~~would say that~~ am
in favor of extending the assurance
~~to the~~ as far as possible. For it
has not been my experience that people
deteriorate once they are assured of
a living. Just the opposite, the firmer
the base, the better the man, the fewer
the fears and hatreds + unhappiness.
I do not agree that when a ~~man~~
person is given security that he loses
initiative and drive; ^{it has not been so with me...} Rather, ~~like I imagine~~
is released from concern ~~at~~ for survival
to concern ~~for~~ with ~~life~~ living, ~~way back~~
in ~~the days~~ From the beginning of
our constitution there have been people
who ~~see~~ felt that the state of the
nation ~~was~~ ^{would be} ~~was~~ endangered ^{if} when the
majority's access to knowledge + wealth were
increased; they felt that bad ^{+ demagogic} government would
result, this has not happened. I see opposi-

to the principle of GAW as a remnant of
this fear. I am not exempt to know
in what particular form & in which
particular industries the GAW is
feasible. But I do know that the
arguments against ~~it~~ ^{the principle} sound a lot
like ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~argument~~ ^{argument} those peculiarly raised
against Social Security, ~~the~~ unemployment
insurance, ^{minimum} wage and so on:
Mainly that industry ^{the economy} would be brought
to its knees and that the moral fibre
of the worker would be ~~fatally~~ softened
Neither ^{argument} has moved true. Industry has
expanded at an ^{unprecedented} ~~unheard of~~ rate, and
the majority of Americans are ^{more}
moderate ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ^{(whether Democrat or} conservative in their
politics than perhaps ever before in our
history. ~~the~~
I have heard people, my father, for
instance, say that ambition dies with
Security. I say that there are two

kinds of ambition; one born of love, the
other born of fear. ^{of death.} It is true that
ambition born of fear dies with
security. Good ~~rid~~ance, for the
way is cleared for ambition born of
love.

Tues. Feb. 21

After I wrote yesterday's entry about
the GAW I felt rather proud of
it and decided to send it to the Journal
as a letter to the Editor. I typed it
up with excited feelings of anticipation
wondering what various people's reactions
would be. I knew that Carl would not
agree with the ideas, ^{so} but I thought it
only fair to let him read it before
I sent it in. I anticipated disapproval,
but not of the absolute nature that
which I received. He told me that it
was unconceivable that I should send
it in. The letter was ridiculous, stupid,
meaningless; I did not know what
was talking about. I ought to send a
copy to my father; he didn't understand

to how I could suddenly feel so differently
than he did etc. Then he went back
in out to the studio. He called me up
on the location, and apologized for
being rude. "Let's talk it over, darling."
He said, "and see if we can arrange
it at some ^{more} limited front." "Alright,
darling," I said.

When he came in we started
in discussing the GAW calmly enough.
I believe that the guaranteed part
of the idea is an impossibility, a myth
created by labor leaders to use as
a weapon; I believe that an absolute
guarantee is a myth but that a
limited guarantee is possible in
some industries; Earl believes that the
GAW would ruin small business,
because ~~they~~ it could not afford to
pay a GAW + therefore ~~would~~ workers would
be attracted to ^{the} larger industries; I believe
that there are not unlimited numbers

7 jobs in those GAW industries of ~~the~~
inordinate numbers of workers ~~would~~ ^{could} not be
siphoned off from smaller business; second,
small business in general already tends
to pay less than the big unionized
industries, but it offers other advantages
and with the amount of unemployed we
have in this country, ^{spots through it is} there are ~~too~~ too
few, not too many jobs to go around,
Earl believes that GAW would not
provide the worker with a secure
income, because it would lead to ruin
the industry especially in times of recession,
just when the worker would need the
pay off pay; I believe that since the GAW
fund is being ~~set up~~ built up during
boom periods it might will have a
surplus to use during recessions, and
in that sense it will act as a
cushion to the recession by maintaining
the ~~to~~ purchasing power of the workers;
but Earl's main point is that ~~be~~ the
worker ought to be given stocks instead
of a GAW - the principle of OWNERSHIP
is the guiding goal - then the money
is being used productively to expand
industries, and the workers dividends will
grow as his industry grows; he will
have a form of security far better than

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than he did etc. Then he went back
out to the studio. He called me up
on the location, and apologized for
being rude. "Let's talk it over, darling."
he said, "and see if we can arrive
at some ^{more} united front." "Alright,
darling," I said.

When he came in we started
discussing the GAW calmly enough.
Earl believes that the guaranteed part
of the idea is an impossibility, a myth
created by labor leaders to use as
a weapon; I believe that an absolute
guarantee is a myth but that a
limited guarantee is possible in
some industries; Earl believes that the
GAW would ruin small business,
because ~~they~~ it could not afford to
pay a GAW + therefore ~~board~~ workers would
be attracted to ^{the} larger industries; I believe
first of all that there are not unlimited numbers

7 jobs in those GAW industries of ~~the~~ inordinate numbers of workers ~~would~~ ^{could} not be siphoned off from smaller business; second, small business in general already tends to pay less than the big unionized industries, but it offers other advantages and with the amount of unemployed we have in this country, ^{spots though it is} there are ~~too~~ too few, not too many jobs to go around, Earl believes that GAW would not provide the worker with a secure income, because it would lead to ruin the industry especially in times of recession, just when the worker would need the pay off pay; I believe that since the GAW fund is being ~~set up~~ built up during boom periods it might will have a surplus to use during recessions, and in that sense it will act as a cushion to the recession by maintaining the ~~to~~ purchasing power of the workers; but Earl's main point is that ~~the~~ the worker ought to be given stocks instead of a GAW - the principle of OWNERSHIP is the guiding goal - then the money is being used productively to expand industry, and the workers dividends will grow as his industry grows; he will have a form of security far better than

a limited wage in bad times. Also, ownership
makes for conservative and responsible
citizens which ~~is~~ ^{are} the ~~best~~ ^{best} bulwark of
democracy. I agree that increased ownership
is far better than increased wages or
GAW funds. But I also feel know that
it takes a large bulk of stocks to
pay enough dividends to make a
difference if a man is laid off
with and needs money to live. The
average worker will not be ~~given~~ able
to get that much stock, at least in
the present. I believe that GAW is
a stop-gap measure along the ladder
of increased ownership. Early ~~stage~~ ^{stage} of GAW
pulls in the opposite direction, that it
tends to intensify the feudal
relationship of lord and serf and breeds
childish ~~rather~~ responses in the workers.
This discussion ~~went on~~ ^{continued} for about an
hour, neither one of us making much of

a dent in the others wall of conviction.
I kept bringing Earl back the subject
the letter, trying to find out exactly why
Earl was so strongly opposed to my
putting it in the paper. "Is it because
you think I'll make a fool of myself
people all over town will be laughing
at me? Or do you think it would
do me some kind of real harm?"

"No, I think if people bothered to
think about it at all, they would say
'Oh, God - what does she suppose she's
saying?' But the thing is the letter
makes no sense. You're fighting a straw
dummy, and what you are really trying
to say has nothing to do with
GAW. The business about security
not being bad for people is a good idea
but people who are fighting the GAW
aren't fighting it because they think
security is bad for people; they're
fighting it because they don't believe
it will ^{people} bring security.

"I don't agree, Earl. I think that many many people really feel that it is not a good thing to guarantee people a living even in a limited way. Our fathers thought that - so ~~did~~^{do} a good portion of that generation - & they're running the country now. I think I'll publish the letter."

"No!" said Earl

"Yes!" said I

"No!" said Earl

"Yes!" said I

"No!" said Earl

"Why not?" said I.

"Because I'm right"

"I don't think you're right."

"Well, I am. I'm infallible most of the time."

"But not all of the time."

"Practically."

"Earl, you're brilliant, but you are not right all the time and I don't think you are this time. You've been wrong before."

"What about?"

"Well, you've been wrong about your work. You thought that The Center, the Universe would be published and be a big success. It won't."

"I'm glad you said that. Hit me where it hurts, all I've got is my confidence. Try to take that away from me."

"I'm not trying to take anything away from you - but you pushed me into it by claiming infallibility."

"Alright, go ahead and do another you like," Earl said. "I've been ~~putting~~ letting you alone lately to ~~do~~ ~~what~~ make your own decisions. God! I'd want to get myself out of this hole and find some body who thinks I'm it - who thinks my work is as important as I know it is."

"Darling, don't say that. I have confidence in you. I know how much I love your work; I know how important it will be. But I don't think it's right for you to tell me that my point

view is ridiculous, and because you think
so & you're ~~always~~ right. After all,
I'm not out on a personal limb about
the FAW. A lot of other people agree
with me - like Evans Clark - and
~~writes~~ writes the labor editorial for the
Times, ~~he's no~~ which is no biased
organ of labor.

"Well he's wrong, & so
is anyone else in favor of the
FAW. They're all wrong." said
Earl.

"Maybe so, but I just can't
accept you as an authority on this
subject," I said.

"I am an authority," Earl
persisted.

We had walked around & around the
property & were finally at the studio.

"Well, I said. "I'll go back and

read the letter over again. If I think it doesn't make sense I won't publish it.

"No, go ahead, go ahead, publish it. I seem to be always standing between you & fame & fortune." said Earl

"Alright, darling, have a nice afternoon." I kissed him & walked back to the house.

I dress dressed for a League meeting & went down to the Journal Office ~~where~~ to drop off an article for the music association. I asked if Ann or Stewart were there. I was going to see if they thought the letter was ridiculous. They were both out. I took the letter from my purse & reread it. "It's ridiculous." I thought with a wave of embarrassment. I folded it up into a small piece, thrust it into my purse, & hurried out ~~of the~~ the door.

Wed, Feb. 22 (Also I hope I don't have a cold!)

I came across a quote from O'Hara:
Ten North Frederick: "It's awful how
much of our lives we spend waiting."
~~Approximately~~ (as I remember it) ~~wait~~ Earl +
I make a conscious effort not to
let the paralysis of waiting claim
any of our precious time. & we find
that we are spending ~~any~~ appreciable
amount of time waiting ^{for something} we consider
if a ~~danger~~ ~~is~~ warning, a signal that
we ~~to~~ have lost touch with the essential
quality of our lives, that we ~~are~~ doing
what we are doing; that our happiness
lies in as Emerson says; "in what we
are thinking every day, that life is made
up of individual ~~hours~~ days, and if we
~~do not take each day~~ neglect the days ^{at hand} to
wish for a future day, we are that much
less prepared to enjoy the future day, since

even if it comes as wished for, it will still roll
in and roll out, one in among the endless
series of individual days.

If you ~~finds~~ ~~yourself~~ waiting for
~~the day that he will be famous~~
or I for a total ourselves waiting for
fame, for instance, the pressure usually
builds up within us until we have
a good discussion, evaluating our needs
and our aims. We always come to the
conclusion that the waiting is based on
fear and ^{or} blindness of the present, to the
extent that we are bound ^{up} in the waiting,
we ~~are~~ ^{have} lost ^{are} the present. It is always
with a sense of joy that we shake
off the pall of waiting and return to
the process of living the present.

I believe that prolonged waiting is a
no form of suicide paradoxically based on
a faith in immortality. For if you are
aware that life your life is short, no
matter how long you live; that once it's gone
it's gone, that days spent waiting are
an irrevocable portion of life lost FOREVER.

if you are emotionally aware of this, would you be likely to play the waiting game? ~~Of course it's not as simple as that. People do not wait~~

Every once in a while Earl reminds me of this. For instance, after all our discussion about my pt trying to publish the journals, Earl came to this conclusion: Publish as soon as you want, wherever you like. You should not have to wait. Enjoy it now if you can, because once this period in your life is gone, it is really gone. ~~to~~ How can I ask you to wait?"

I appreciated this attitude. I do not want to be published for a while yet, but I am not waiting for some outside factor, like Earl, to permit me. The decision is within my control, and I will make it when I feel like it.

Mon. Feb. 27

We returned last night from an
weekend in New York. We stayed with
the Hewah at Mrs. Lloyd-Smith's
apartment, at 810 Fifth Ave. It overlooked
the heart of New York; the Plaza, the
Central Park, the Zoo, the ice skating
pond, ~~the~~ ~~5th Ave~~ Bergdorf's. ~~a~~
The evenings were rainy. 5th Avenue
was a ~~glacier~~ ~~river~~ ~~shattered~~ ~~deeply~~
with ~~penetrated~~ ~~deeply~~ ~~with~~ ~~colored~~
shafts of light. red, green, gold ~~the~~
rays. The sky was a smoky red,
the moon looked false, shining distantly,
while the red and green lights flashed
warily on and off. The park lit
up with ~~single~~, single dots of light,
~~a~~ a lawn with dandelions at
twilight. Apartment buildings were
honeycombed with ~~honey~~ ~~honey~~
honey-light, ~~is~~ ~~that~~ ~~sweet~~ yellow against the
~~deep~~ blue wash of twilight, a winter evening.

The maid brought us tea and cakes,
then our d'oeuvres and cocktails as
we sat, first by ourselves, then with
our ~~best~~ guests, in the window-side
den.

Our weekend was a series of
engagements with friends and art
exhibitions, Earl favoring the one and
we 2, the other. ~~It was~~ I had
more fun than I have ever had
in New York since we were married
simply because friends and parties
~~were part of each day~~ ^{extra} ~~extra~~

note of gaiety and festivity which I
so adore. We saw at various times
Picky + Joan, Lois + Stanley, Jeanne +
Sandy, ~~of the Hobbs~~ ^{Chris and Sturdy Hobbs}
and Bill Cowles, ^{Marshall, Rae, John, Don + Jane} I felt rich from
the ^{of course} with the Treasures of personal
contacts. Picky and Bill are brilliant men
and excellent conversationalists. With them

I become aware of my own resources of intelligence, wit and charm, and hence the sense of richness. This is what people do I like to do for me. They reveal me to myself, and I in turn will hope that my affection for them has an equally enriching effect upon them.

I am not quite sure ^{what} the effect ^{is} on Paul ^{of} seeing these people. He ~~seems~~ makes no effort to arrange meetings; he ~~is~~ accepts the ~~the~~ meetings with charm and interest; he shows no desire to see the people again. On the other hand, he is actively interested in the art shows, the Museums, the Art stores, ignoring any other commitments in favor of these things, annoyed at the mention of any intrusion ~~on~~ upon his way. He obviously ^{is} not nourished by these people ^{perhaps} except in the mildest ~~in~~ manner. His work takes ~~at~~ his strength and gives him strength. The

people he knows hardly touch ^{line -} ~~anything~~
~~but his~~ ~~shape~~ of course, his work
gives me strength, too, and richness.
all weekend I had been looking forward
to seeing ~~to~~ the latest cut-out again,
"Winter Buds", he calls it. The
panel is enormous, 6 feet high
by four feet wide. He has caught
the torrid brilliance of winter, the
sultry ~~flying~~ ^{grace} of black
crows dipping ^{and diving} into the blue sky
on a ~~is~~ snow-bright day. The cut-out
does dominate the room and ~~is~~ that
is all to the good, as when the
sunshine dominates the day.

Tues. Feb. 28

✗
Gail feels that ~~some~~ people who look
to ~~the~~ president of the United States for
intellectual and moral leadership have

misinterpreted the Presidential rôle, which is largely administrative. This mis-conception is understandable, however, due to the cavernous lack of artists in this country who do point the way intellectually and morally. For ~~the~~ ^{this} is the artist's rôle, not the President's, says Earl. The frontier today is art, and the artist is our pioneer. We are at that ^{right} succulent point in our cultural development when a wide area of unity & agreement exists among our people. ~~The two~~ The leaders of the two major parties, Stevenson & Eisenhower sound ~~almost identical~~ ~~that the that~~ reflect this astonishing degree of unanimity, having similar views on most important issues, even in an election year. ~~The excitement in the~~ ^{today} Government is not a field ^{of} ~~where~~ ^{one} great force ~~fighting~~ ^{challenges} against another ~~great force~~ on vital issues. The two parties represent a small degree of difference. The challenge in government is administrative, who can best accomplish what at most

agree is the suitable policy ~~is~~

~~the~~ But where is the artist,
where is our Michael Angelo, to
~~shape~~ ~~shape~~ shape this wealth of
agreement into symbols for all to

See, and works of art that ~~draw~~
draw
~~will have the power have drawn~~

their power from the ~~same~~ people
who have made this country spirit

of a ^{continent} people who hold ~~in~~ a continent
together by ~~to~~ by it in good faith?

This is the kind of artist Earl
wishes to be. ~~the dimensions of his art~~

~~as an artist to feel the~~ He
believes that we are at a point of

crystallization where traditions ^{are made} are given
definition. The abundance of our physical

resources ~~we~~ have been turned into material
wealth; it is how is the time ^{for} taken

the ~~abundance~~ of abundance of ^{an} commonly

well
believes to be transformed into ~~another~~^{the}
meaning of art

Wed. Feb 29

New training exercise for me - each
day, before I start on my regular
writing, to write one sentence ~~about~~
the desiring the day! Trying to ^{play} capture
the essential ~~note~~ chord.

The wind
~~The dry snow~~ sets the dry
snow rolling up from the ground in
powdery billows and falling from the
trees in plump lumps (Eeee yad!)
(Let's start tomorrow!)

I told Earl at lunch yesterday that
I was going to ask people to sign
a petition to have the special vote
on zoning held on the voting machines
rather than at a town meeting. Those
opposed to zoning have taken advantage
of the old New England law which allows
a special town meeting to be called at
any time by a petition signed by 20 people.

They want to have zoning voted out
even before the town has had the
chance to elect a zoning board ^{to} and
produce a plan that can be
agreed or disagreed with. The issue is
hot. Feelings run high on both sides.
I was looking forward to moving
enemy territory with the petition, to
have the opportunity to talk to
people who are against zoning.

When I told Earl, he gently said - "I'd
rather that you didn't expose yourself
to these people. It might be unpleasant
for you, darling. We'll just ask Don to
put up a petition in the post-office."

Without hesitation I said that actually
~~I was looking forward~~ I wanted to do it.
That I thought it would be interesting.
Earl said no more about it.

That evening, ~~when we were~~ during

dinner he began to discuss the fact
~~he knew~~ that ~~some~~ ^{that} he ~~the~~ the man's
role had definitely changed. He ~~was~~
~~deprived~~ ^{is} no longer needed as
a protector of ~~the~~ his women, who
^{are} as capable of taking care of
themselves as ~~well~~ ^{is} he ~~was~~. ^A woman today
is apt to resent it if a man
tries to protect her as he used to,
by shielding her from discomforts, dangers
and unpleasantness. Earl said that when
he realized that I ~~did~~ ^{do} not need him
as a protector, he felt deprived, since
his whole family training had geared
him to accepting that responsibility.
~~Since he is~~ He said that sometimes
he wonders just how he is needed
by his family. He believes that the
whole concept of ~~a~~ consideration for
women is changing and that men will
treat women as equals. Since the
women are challenging a man's job and
many other of his former rights & privileges,
she should not expect the consideration

formerly given to the weaker sex.
I said that I thought ^{that} that consideration
was the small price men paid for
the submission of their women. The
gallantry was ^{the} pleasant side of the ~~deep~~
domination.

I believe that the basis of a new
kind of consideration of a man towards a
woman is being formed, based on a
new need. ~~I think that~~ ~~men and~~
women are becoming interdependent in
many new ways. The areas of
communication ^{+ mutual need} between husband and
wife have widened perceptibly. We
shall move on ^{lines} ^{that} ^{are} ^{more} ^{than} ^{our}
mothers and fathers did. ^{It follows that an} ^{inter-need for} ^{each other} ^{exists} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{relationship}. The dependence
that is growing is the dependence of
equals, and the consideration that is growing
will be a consideration for an equal. as
a word - power we have learned that the

best friends are strong friends, whose
~~need for us is base~~ ~~the same is~~
~~the in the family we have learned this~~
~~at a time when we need for allies~~
Nations that can be dominated make poor
allies. A wife that can be dominated
makes a poor God-fellow - increasingly -
Consideration for an equal is a far
richer gesture than consideration for
a weaker being. This will affect the
woman too of course. Her responsibility,
her consideration
towards her husband is much greater
than in the past. Since he shares more
of his life with her, it is up to her
to ~~under~~ enlarge her understanding of
him into areas previously marked
exclusively for men. She is not being
"a good wife" if she simply cares for
the home, raises the children & gives
her man her company whenever & however
he likes. Her consideration of him
now entails knowing what happened in
his work, of helping him wherever she can,
of ~~under~~ knowing what is going on in

~~politics~~ the world of ~~men~~ affairs and
being able to discuss it with him. to
inform him when he does not have
the time or the inclination to study it
himself. Here ~~there~~ is no question
of domination and submission, of protector
and protected, of strong and weak. there
is a relationship, not between equals,
~~but between complements~~ for a man
and a woman are never the same, nor
between two fully complementary beings.

Mon. March 5

The ~~succulent mud~~ earth ^{is absorbing} has ~~absorbed~~
the thawing ~~winter~~ snow and ice, turning
~~into~~ becoming soft, ~~the~~ succulent ~~mud~~
and ready.

Yesterday we took a walk over
our new property, heading up towards
the building site. It is a plateau of land
protected at its back by ^{groups of silver birch} the steeply rising

mountain. In front the land stretches
out in a flat pie-shaped tongue,
and then suddenly drops off so
that only the tips of the pines
below are seen. The view spans the
valley, ~~not~~ obscuring the road and the
small pursuits of the dwellers thereupon.
The air seems pure up there, and
the ^{natural} conversation ^{is} ^{among} between two giants;
the mountain at the back and the
hulking masses at the far side
of the valley. What Carrier does with
his garbage heap, what Cain does
with his race track, where Allan
might build his store, these questions
fade ^{or blur} ~~from~~ when viewed from the heights.
Up there Earl and I felt freed for
momentarily from the annoyance of
grubs grubbing in ~~other~~ ^{other} directions ^{and} than
our own. We both felt unsettled and
discontent with our present location, ~~so~~
earth bound as it is. We discussed the

possibility of selling our home and
beginning again on the top of the
hill, of building the studio up
there, connected to the new house.
The more excited we became, the
more irritated we grew, and especially,
as we envisioned first the time it
would take from his work, and
then the expense, not only of the
house, but of furniture and landscaping,
digging the well, stringing the wires, building the road,
and the endless wants that come up
with it. It seemed too much to
consider. But, on the other hand, we
knew that we would go on
sinking money into our present home.
The studio will cost over eighteen thousand,
then after more children we will have
to build on another wing - another 25-30
thousand plus furniture, etc., and those
two moves ~~will~~ will amount to

almost \$50,000. would it not be better,
since we are not entirely satisfied
with our present location, to sell now,
while the selling's good, and include
that \$50,000 into a new situation
where we would not have to deal
with so many old limitations.

It was not until I almost
became convinced that we ought to
build anew, that I began to sense
my loss of the old, of the spacious
lawns and gardens tucked here &
there, the rose bed, the tulips round
the rock, the pines along the road,
the daffodils upon the hill side, &
my view into the forest, the iris
and juniper freshly planted beneath
the candleauered ~~terrace~~ sun deck, our
maple beginning to spread and stretch,
As these images came to mind, my
desire slowly the ~~balance~~ scales upon
which the two desires balanced, ~~to move on~~
~~to stay~~ slowly sunk down under the

weight of my familiar loves, as my
memories drained life from the new
project. Soon it seemed wrong to
give up all that we had built
to build again so soon. Our attention
shifted to ways of ~~to~~ achieving our
desires in the land upon which
we already stood. "If we thicken
the trees ~~by~~ along the road so as not
to see it at all, our view is almost
as good as if we were on the
mountain," I said. "and we have
the added convenience of being near
the road. And to you know, I
think I would miss the land very
much, we wouldn't have much place
to walk up there, whereas down here
you've faced the property with these
paths. If we simply plant some trees,
our whole property can become a park.
We could never have anything like that

up on the hill.

We talked on for hours, it seemed, the fire of our enthusiasm for a new home burning high and ~~then slowly~~ in a great & sudden flare only slowly to peter out leaving us stuck with what we already have ~~done~~^{done}.

I am not at all sure we have ~~chosen~~^{chosen wisely} the ~~right~~ thing, that we have taken the right path. The heavy truth is that the longer we stay here, the harder it will ever be to move. If ~~my~~ the gardens I have planted are holding me here now, after four years, how deep will my roots be in a decade? As Frost said about his two roads, "knowing how way leads to way, I doubted if I should ever come back," I doubt if I shall ever build upon the hill.

But when we first bought the property, our intention was to sell it whenever and as soon as, a suitable family came along. I have no desire

For lots of land, "I said. "I would
rather friends had it to take care
of." But within the mere months
of our ownership, we have become
attached to the land, to particular things
about the land. We have noticed
the individual young pines and cedars.
Some of them hold promise of
becoming beautiful trees. We have
discovered how ~~treaty~~ ^{naturally} the perimeter
of our past boundaries blends with
the edge of our new land. To make
the Earl clipped the wire fence that
~~the~~ separated the two properties, now way leads
to way. Soon the memory of the
fence will disappear. Earl takes a walk
~~over the two~~ ~~pro~~ each morning
across the entire breadth of our land, and
afternoon we take the children on
the same walk, through the ~~fence~~ fence
up to the hill top and back down again.

Stephaine ~~always~~ ~~likes~~, as we are about
to pass back through the newly opened
space in the fence. Stephaine plays
a game of being afraid that there is
no way to get home, that the
our path ^{will} ~~does~~ not lead us through the
fence. But it becomes increasingly
a game, as the land becomes increasingly
our own. The sense of ownership is
something that creeps up on me,
unaware. I have no lust to possess,
but one I do, I begin to look carefully,
to ~~like~~ like first this, then that, then
suddenly I never want to give it
up. Even if something new & better is
offered me, I will not take it if it
means leaving ~~the~~ ~~thing~~ what I have
loved

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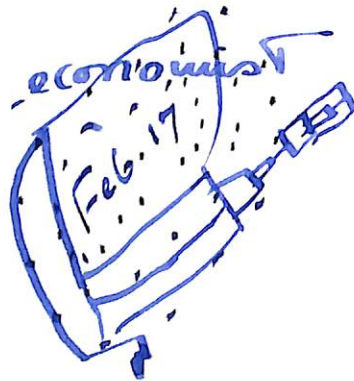
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Evans Clark. Lanar 4-1000

Editorial Dept.

Neil - Exec. of Conn. Industrial Con

Rodney Chase - Ex. U. P. of Chase
~~Coromany~~ Plaza 6944 Branch

good speaker - engaged with U.A.W.

Fiske
~~W. C. Cress~~ % New England Council
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Boston 16, Mass
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Harry Percell - Director Ind. Rel. of
Torrington Co.

Feb. 1 Alan C. Ambiss - opposed to U.A.W.

Pl. 4,1171 U.P. of Scoville Man

Waterbury -

Chenung - Revere Copper

~~Boston~~ ~~Wendell~~ ~~Dean~~ ~~Mathison~~

A.C. Gillett - pres. Gillett Co.

Arthur Clifford ~~Son - U.P.~~
A.W. Burritt & Co. Bridgeport

Ed. 5-5153 - ask for Miss Betts.

There
Clifford - 9:00 - 9:30
Clark
letter to Ambiss

2 doz. nice oranges
apricot juice, peach j.

2 Croilers

2 lb. mushrooms

ice burg, Boston, romaine, watercress

italian olive oil

~~2 artichokes~~

2 lb. peas

coffee

butter

margarine

bread

Camembert

apples, pears - John.

white pepper.

pork chops

~~Spice~~

olives -

call Connie + Aunt Rose.

check up on photographs of painting

" " of Earl

list for invitation - names + addresses

names on back of pictures

~~16~~
Christmas address

look for

Deleots

Vesslers

Hoskro

cards - address - game list -
parking lot from Daniels.

wedding list -

Mrs. Winters

Bladen

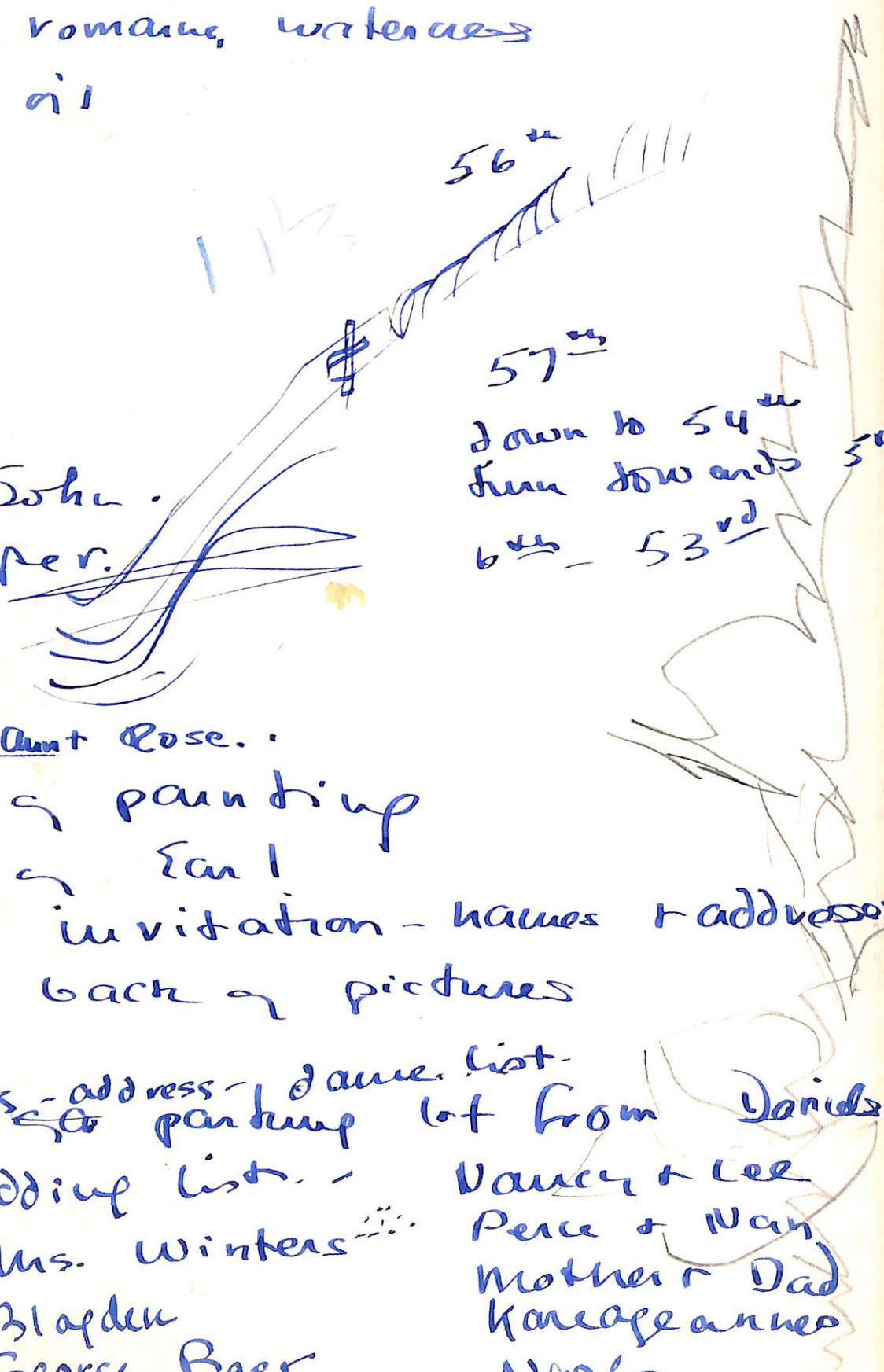
George Baer

56th

57th

down to 54th
then down to 53rd

6th - 53rd



Daniel's
Dorothy + Ralph
Loeb

Miuer

Maie Miuer

Mr. + Mrs. Wilson Payne

? Cliff + Margaret

Demarest

~~Ann~~

Freeland

Warner

Rand

Fritze

~~Nethe~~

Wedge

Fowler

Gordon Reid

Zim Bey

B. Rich

~~Cats Mr. + Mrs.~~

? Ben Fedder

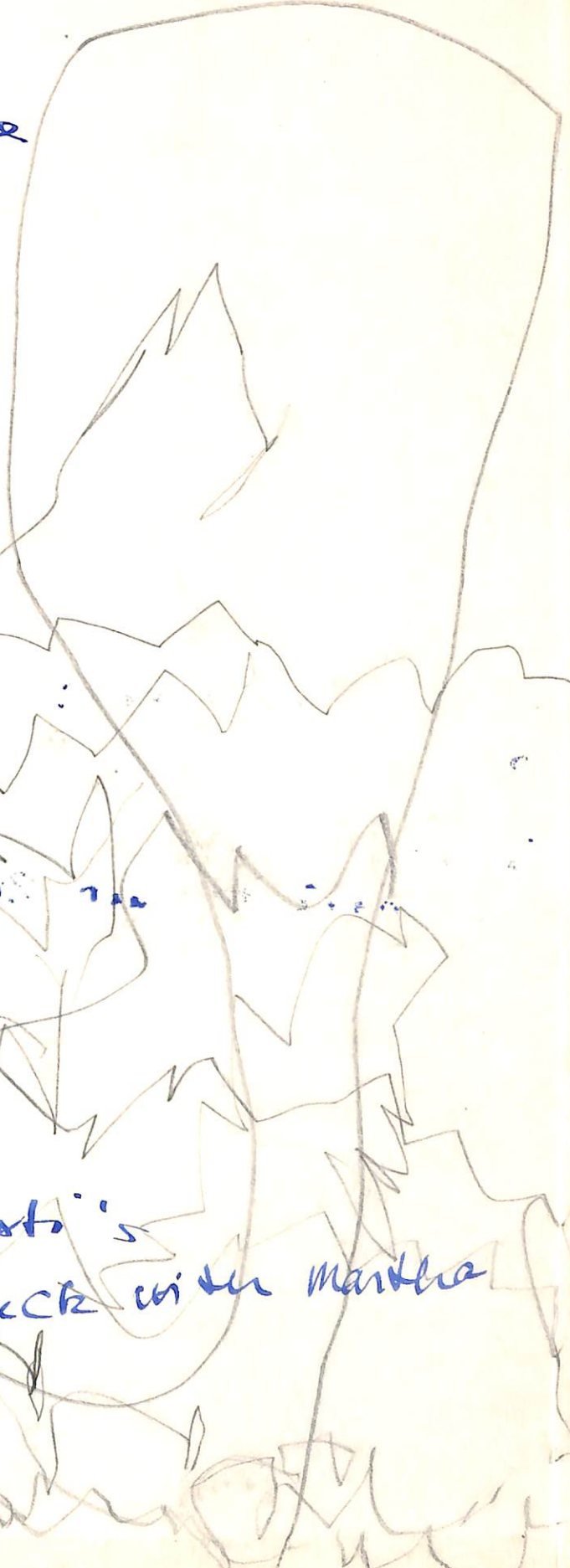
Dick Gengal

Gil Gallagher of Art's

Remington Arthur - check with Martha

~~Mr. + Mrs.~~ Steinbeck

Loches



Their Distinguished Godfathers

Gen. Omar Bradley

Lt. Gen. Emmett "Rosey" O'Donnell



President Eisenhower

Gen. Walter Bedell Smith

Gen. George Marshall

'GENERAL' ASSEMBLY... The military notes were of the highest when the three younger sons of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marx, of Scarsdale and Manhattan, got together with their godfathers in Bradley's headquarters at Ft. Meyer, Va. Spencer Bedell Marx is on the

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

P.S. I love your idea

BHS

Dear Joan + Nicky -

I'm so glad you'll
stay over Sunday. I don't
like to have but a brief time
with you.

I'm sitting here killing
time while a friend of mine
reads excerpts of ~~the~~ my journal -
the first outside person I've
ever showed it to. It's rather
apologetic, so forgive me if
I ramble. I started typing up
parts of the journal because Earl

was asked to do a portfolio
 using any of his work he liked
 to illustrate something, a poem,
 a book... He thought it might
 be interesting to choose part
 of the journal which I liked
 and put it with some of his
 work and see what sort of
 relationship exists. I got carried
 away with the idea of seeing
 my words typed. So slow as
 I am, I am laboriously typing up
 away, hunt + ~~per~~. peck.

I hope your cold is better,

Nicky,

Love, Barbara.